THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS, AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII, ROBERT BONNER, | ODR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1872. | TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. | NO. 40.

Mrs. Parton

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THE BEAUTIFUL ONE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

When the sun has gone down on meadow and roof,
And the bell has ceased calling the weak and the old,
And the gray rocks loom in their shrouds aloof,
Like the ghost ghosts of a ruined realm,
Then my soul strains out to the proud heat-stone,
Where under a bed the Beautiful One.

The spirit of Spring was abroad over all,
And the sweet flowers were waking from sleep,
When the stately flowers would from the hall,
And they lowered her down to her regal rest,
And they left her alone with the Beautiful One.

And they never knew whence the hamble band
That straight strained the rare, rich bloom,
Which flaunted of the season, with rainiest wand,
Carried up to guide the grand proud mass;
As they never had guessed that the gardener's
hand
Had dared to look up to the Beautiful One.

But the worm you crush with a heedless heel
Has cold at the door of the peaceful dwelling;
The enterprise may thrill, and feel
The pulse of the world with a new power,
As she quivers aglit, in the floral fane;
Why sad, is the glance of the Beautiful One?

Among them all, in his bodiless grey,
Enwrinkled he stood on that mortal of Spring,
Unlooked—but God saw his heart bleed away
With its grand high grief that was worthy a
king—
As the lofty conquerors he stood alone,
He heart entombed with the Beautiful One.

Do their souls attain not to her now, in her
tomb,
Is the veiled, death-white frost weird through
There was music last night at the Hall, and
gloom,
And the coaches were thick in the avenue.
Ah! they come, they come, they come,
And her revelation dooms the Beautiful One.

THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY;

OR,

The Irrevocable Promise.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27," "FILIPPO, THE TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOONLIGHT MEETING.

A PETTY, contemptible, mean-spirited man, who loved wine, wine, wine, and wine, right royal, and therefore could not again deserve.

BENHAM III.

The lengthening shadows of a June twilight lay still and grey upon the earth as the lone *cortège*, which had fulfilled its mission in the quiet cemetery upon the hill-side, took its slow way back to the manor-house of Broadacres.

Mortuary Dickinson had been laid to rest with all honors, and the solemn rites which accompanied the dust of those men who had accompanied the first proprietor from over the sea, were the honors who had lowered the last into his grave.

The orphaned daughter stood beside his narrow home until the last clod had been from the spade, and then, with a heavy, foreboding heart, she turned away.

She walked alone, and unsupported by her escort's arm, for that assistance she had gratefully yet freely declined. Since the morning when they had stood together beside the father's bier, she had been conscious of a growing dislike for her destined husband, and although she battled against it with all the strength of his character, it was not in her power to put it from her.

Walter Manning had remarked her changed manner, and spoken of it seemed to ignore it when in her presence, his brow clouded and he set his teeth firmly together when he was alone.

The villagers and the neighboring gentry respectfully accompanied the orphaned heiress of Broadacres to her own door, upon their return from performing the last sad rites for its departed master, and there they bade her an affectionate farewell, dispersing to their own homes, while Agatha retired for a while to the seclusion of her chamber to which she was soon prompted.

She was aroused from her mournful reflections by a tap upon her door, and a respectful plea from her cousin that she would grant him a few moments' interview.

Thinking as dreadly as she had been during the last few hours, she had not for a moment considered of the promise to her exacted from her, her heart was softened, so that for a time her utterances were kind, and Walter soon became quieted.

He approached with his request, therefore, with confidence, and it was but many moments before he found himself in the library, with Agatha seated opposite him, and a wife appearance over the plains and uplands of Broadacres, and the former master's favorite resort, while within the apartment there were evidences of the long hand of its departed owner.

Walter Manning had been pacing the floor with impatience for a time, and as curious frown upon his brow, but when he turned his eyes upon his fair cousin they assumed a serious smile, and leading her to a cushioned seat in the window, he began, he said:

"Have I again been guilty of an intrusion upon your privacy, Agatha? If so, I must specially explain the occasion. The mail bag has been brought in from the post, and as my heart is open, and conferred that duty until a few moments ago. Among the letters from England I found this directed to me in my dear father's handwriting. Upon examining it I found that he had left England a day after my departure, and as the cover denoted it to be a letter of importance, I opened it and found a short but carefully formulated letter, under address here. Coming as it does at this present, it seems as though from the dead, and as it concerns you equally with myself, I have brought your presence here that you also may become acquainted with its contents.

"Will you read it, Agatha, a letter which he bought his hand, and offering it to his cousin, watched her narrowly while she read it.

As Walter Manning had said, it was written in his father's hand, and was dated at Broadacres month previously. It was addressed to the writer's "Dear and Honored Nephew," and after the first preliminary remarks relating to matters of minor importance, a subject of the most startling and evidently long premeditated and anxiously discussed between them in their correspondence.

THE BURIAL OF MASHADUNK KRISTOUR.

The lions seemed to turn beneath Agatha's eyes as she read.

"My failing health, dear Walter, admonishes me that the time that the plans I have so frequently spoken with you about should be brought to a speedy fulfillment. I have already deputized my lawyer, Mr. Bruno, to act for me, and I am in very reasonable expectation of being by here within a month.

"My illness has believe that my disease will not terminate fatally for months to come, unless some unforeseen circumstance arises to hasten it, and on occurrence that I now run to hasten your preparations and sail for America as soon as possible. I would not make the request, seemingly so bold, being as it is in my daughter's behalf, did I not feel assured that I could depend upon you, my nephew, as I have ever upon my brother.

"I have been aware that my views of your character were favorable, and that you were the most appreciable pride of independence. Overcome these feelings, my boy, for I am sure that I can depend upon ownership of you. My daughter has been taught to look upon wealth as a secondary consideration in marriage, and should be prepare a bar to your union, I could wish that further opposition to my wishes would not be offered by her, as my displeasure might be incurred.

"I cannot close my letter without a few words of counsel and appeal. Shield it not be the will of Providence that I am to be taken from you, my dear boy, should my death occur before you arrive in America, do not, I implore you, defer your marriage with my daughter. I understand sufficiently well to know that she will not oppose my dying wish, and I believe that her affections are centered upon you. Let the ceremony be performed immediately upon your arrival, and receive my blessing with more than a country failing.

"Do not, I beg of you, defer your marriage upon any account. It may be a case according to your wishes, but I would rather see you married than not married at all. Your mind seems to feel by her, my dying request.

"I cannot close without affectionate and confiding uncle,

"BENHAM III."

A solemn stillness fell upon the spirit of Agatha while she read the remarkable letter to her. So slow, also, it seemed like an echo from the grave, and though once and again to clear the vestibule, she was no longer harbored the thought that she was under the influence of supernatural power.

Could she have looked into his face, she would have been relieved to a different conclusion, and she might well have questioned the wisdom of her father's choice, for the hostilities eyes which were fixedly regarding her, and the sinister smile which curved his compressed lips, strongly riveted upon her countenance, they seemed reviewing scenes and emotions far away, and around the firm mouth there hovered a half smile of triumph.

"Twas but for a few seconds that Walter Manning thus allowed himself to indulge in thought, for directly assuming all the devotion of a lover, he took his cousin's hand and said:

"Agatha, you have read your father's request. Doubtless it but recalls words of similar import which he has often spoken to yourself, and the recollection of a promise I once made him. Will you not, then, be my wife, my own. Neither can I forget that the morning of our departure for America was appointed for our nuptials, and I am happily strengthened by your own words to believe that you will not withhold your consent now, I am so soon seeking to secure my own happiness and the repose of your father's spirit. If it has been his fondest wish to see his daughter our union; will you not consent to its immediate accomplishment?"

He leaned eagerly forward and awaited her reply, but Agatha remained silent.

It came without reserve, for with her father's last letter still in her hand, it seemed as though his spirit was hovering near, also impatiently awaiting her reply.

"Let the ceremony be performed to-morrow. I shall be prepared at ten in the morning."

Her cousin raised her hand to his lips, and then, suddenly drawing a revival of feelings which he did not saw had only been subdued by the events of the day, he sank to his knees beside her, pressing upon some specious prefect.

For a long time after he quitted the room, Agatha sat silent and immovable. Her hands were tightly clasped upon her lap; her beautiful eyes were absently fixed upon the calm heavens, and through the clear tower upon the trees before the window, could cannot be said that she was thinking, for her mind was in a state of tension of pain which rendered her incapable of thought.

She feared to awaken thought, so she permitted herself to slowly drift along with the current of those sensations, at one moment dreadfully if she were awake, and the next feeling as though she were in the presence of the departed, her eyes not to be dissipated by a return to active consciousness.

Gradually, however, her thoughts took a more definite form, and slowly they recurred to those strange experiences which she still remembered with horror, when, standing before the bier of her father, she had so suddenly questioned his still, troubled face.

But as though those memories had now become useful for her to harbor, she quickly arose to her feet, and after pacing the floor for several moments with agitated footsteps, she approached the window and stepped forth upon the lawn.

It was her intention merely to take a few turns upon the velvet sward, that she might with her nerves quieted by the exercise, return to the house and seek the rest she so much needed, but the beauty of the evening tempted her beyond the limits of the terrace, and almost unconsciously she found herself at the park gates, where they opened upon the road which led to the village on the one side, but although the dog heard her distinctly, he did not bark, but merely turned in his kennels to obey her just then.

The nearer approach of the horseman, and the unmistakable articulation of the tones of the hour, nearly drove her wild with impatience to be away; yet so timid to retrace her steps alone, she still waited, and renewed her call to the dog.

Bruno," she called, in a half-commanding, half-pleading tone. "Come back, sir! Here, sir, here!"

The approaching horseman had now almost reached the spot where she stood, and his horse having dropped from its sharp canter into a walk, he had heard the call, and knew that it distinctly upon his ear.

He was a young man of noble form and handsome countenance. He sat his horse with unparalleled elegance, and even in the moonlight, as she threw a frightened glance toward him over her shoulder, Agatha Kristoun recognized the form of Bruno Bruno.

"Bruno Bruno! Come back, sir! Come, good fellow!"

The horseman scanned the road lying before the young lady, and seeing a large black object scuttling forward, easily recognized one of the spaniling commands so eagerly sent after it, a half-contemptuous expression passed over his face at the picture.

Reining his horse up sharply lightly to the ground and holding his horse by the bridle, he approached the young lady on foot, and bowed, with courteous deference:

"I observe, Madam, that you have been so unfortunate as to lose your dog. Permit me to restore your dog's training. Nature, I fear, is not a bad specimen of a mongrel, for I should say he was in but pursuit of some favorite game."

The speaker's voice invited confidence, and Agatha replied:

"He is, Bernard dog, sir, and I am inclined to think he can find no legitimate object for his pursuit in the park at this hour of night."

"For forgot, Madam," returned the young man, "that the genius of each has made them cosmopolitan, and I dare say your dog is living over again some bold achievement of his youthful Alpine days. Would my escort be accepted in lieu of your errant knight, it will you suffer me to wait beside you until he has gone a run down and he returns to his duty?"

He scarcely knew which course to pursue," thought Agatha, "the beauty of the evening, and the desire to seek distraction from troublesome thought, tempted me far from home; I was only aroused to the fact of my having wandered far by the lights in yonder village."

"Then your home does not lie in that direction?"

"No, I live at Broadacres."

At Broadacres," echoed the stranger. "I beg that you will pardon my bulldoism, but may I inquire, containing its proprietor, Mr. Kristoun?"

Inquiries concerning him are vain," replied Agatha in a husky tone, "*for he is no longer living.*"

Keen, involuntary sigh escaped the stranger's breast, but Agatha, too much absorbed in her own affairs, failed to observe it.

Since discovering that the young man at her side possessed a knowledge of the affairs of her own family, she was more reluctant than ever to leave him, and the dog having at last exhibited her pride, and her companion, who, during the foregoing conversation, had been walking at his side, accelerated his own footsteps.

"Pardon me, Madam," he presently said, "but I am especially desirous of learning whether Mr. Kristoun died suddenly or not. Has his daughter returned—did she reach his bedside before he died?"

"She did," Agatha found herself to reply: "She arrived but just in time to receive his dying confidence and commands, and to receive his last breath upon her bosom."

The stranger was silent for some moments, and then observed, as though it was with a constrained manner, as though he feared to be misjudged, yet nevertheless desirous of self in the task of speaking.

"I do not wish to intrude upon affairs with which I have no apparent concern," he said; "but I cannot help but feel a deep interest in whatsoever may have occurred in an unwarrantable liberty, pray do not answer it, but if otherwise I would greatly relieve me to know whether the family at Broadacres had lately been increased by an arrival from England in the person of Mr. Walter Manning?"

"It has," replied Agatha; "but pray, sir, let me ask the reason for the nature of your interest."

A silence of some moments followed the young lady's question.

"Your query places me in an embarrassing position, for the stranger at length replied, "I would willingly return your confidence with one of corresponding nature, but I fear that you would contemplate me with scorn. To-morrow I shall visit Broadacres and seek an interview with Miss Kristoun herself, and then the acquaintance so auspiciously begun to-night may be renewed, and with the approval I shall promise myself great pleasure in the enjoyment of it. Until then I wish you a most autumnal night to know."

"Is Mr. Walter Manning a friend, an acquaintance of yours?" asked Agatha, after collecting for some moments upon the strangeness of the request.

"He is an acquaintance," was the concise reply.

"Then you will be pleased to greet beloved and treated by the late master of Broadacres," said Agatha.

"Was he so?" said her companion quickly, "so I am to be arrived before the death of Mr. Kristoun?"

"He did. His name was the last which Mr. Kristoun uttered," answered the young lady, in a tone of mingled sadness and indignation at being subjected to such questions as to her companion.

Acknowledged, Madam! In what way, pray?"

As his favorite relative and trusted nephew, whose arrival he had been for some time expecting."

"And a stranger I guessed the stranger, and he turned his head away, and his companion observed that his face was deeply flushed between them, frightening with joy, and laid at his feet all the fair little domain.

Evidently the animal fancied that this trophy would awaken such appreciation of her on the part of his abandoned mistress, that he immediately set forth in search of others, but proceeded by thought, she bestowed no further attention upon him, and he soon left the vicinity.

"I will tax your kindness no further, sir, Agatha then said, "for I see that my dear Bruno has returned, I have no fear to retrace my footsteps, and will bid you good-night."

"Do not force me to leave a pleasant duty unfulfilled," pleaded the stranger. "Let me see you safely to your own door, and then, if necessary, until I see him safely inclosed within the limits of the park. I would then bespeak indulgence of liability, for he is a dog of fine breeding, as the high price paid and again play truant."

The dog referred to—real in the chase has returned to the vicinity of his mistress, and the stranger, addressing himself Agatha, giving the latter no opportunity to refuse, he walked by her side, a passing caress. "He will doubtless be in a more obedient humor now that he must suspend our judgment for a time."

Agatha was somewhat startled with his eccentricity," said the stranger gallantly, "since I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I have enjoyed but few more pleasant moments."

Agatha was evidently handsome in every particular which constitutes physical manly beauty, but the expression upon her face was most forcibly was the nobility of thought and feeling which had been called forth by the events of the day, and which rendered it a most negative goodness, but a sincere hearty principle of action, and the stranger acknowledged in a royal signet, and the cheery light which danced in his eyes, and the genial and tender which distinguished his manner, commended him to confidence, and he listened with the deepest interest to the recital of events.

As she stood for an instant thus regarding him, she involuntarily contrasted him with the one who, upon the morrow, she had promised to call husband.

The tall, slightly stooping form of Walter Manning, with its sinewy, muscular limbs, its unsightly proportions of this closure upon this scene; the best bend and downcast look of the one, with its low, fleshy, relieved by the sweet, almost haughty carriage and straightforward look of the other; and every other dissimilarity between the two was enhanced to the advantages which a man of ease and

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twenty pounces over one who had apparently passed his fortieth year.

The novelty of their meeting and their unexpected encounter, not to allude to their mutual acquaintance, and no other to be found in all that crowded ballroom, Agatha's pride, and that like chance meeting would only be the case, "

"I trust not also, Madam," he replied, "I was hastening to Evreton to spend the night, in order to make an early call to-morrow at Broadacres. I am thirty miles from England, and to come under upon an affair of some importance which, interests Miss Evreton. As you know me you think, I could not intrude."

Agatha hesitated before she replied. Doubtless the stranger was some gentlemanly businessman sent over from England who wished to see her upon affairs connected with her property in this country. She remembered, what with the excitement of the evening she had not heard her name announced, the morning was her wedding-day, so she said in reply:

"Miss Evreton will be particularly engaged to-morrow. Can you not transact your commission with Mr. Manning?"

"No Madam," replied the stranger decided, ly, and to Agatha it seemed with a tinge of asperity. "My errand is one of great importance, and concerns Miss Evreton so intimately that I must see her herself, and at as early an hour as possible. If I am not mistaken, you would almost suffer the least my mission if allow me early interview. Possibly she will allow me early interview.

"If such is the case," replied Agatha, "I will second your wishes, and think I can promise you that Miss Evreton will receive you at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, but it will be time."

The stranger, followed by a short, quick bow, left the room, and Agatha, who had not been soothing and searching among the shrubbery beside the gates, interrupted Agatha's words, and she turned inquiringly to greet his animal to learn the cause of his uneasiness.

The memory of his late achievement doubtless haunts him," said the young man. "Hector, you must learn to be ashamed of your actions with your spaniel."

The dog returned, but his mind still seemed ill at ease, for he continued to snuff the air and to utter low growls which he dared not fully voice.

This interruption having prevented Agatha from hearing the name of the stranger, the woman in, and there being no longer any occasion for lingering at the gate, she resumed her thoughts the young man by his side in silence, and the park gates closing behind her, she heard the stranger mount his horse and canter away back toward Evreton.

Agatha drew her light summer mantle closer about her, and stopping at instant to gather a few flowers that grew in the shade from the belfry of the little church in Evreton, she hastened her steps and ran swiftly toward the manor, where the lights of home already twinkled.

The old professor is too dutifully at his side, but grave and soon he would pause, and with a half-way amuse, would gravely question Agatha, as though an unpleasant remembrance had just occurred.

It was only when she crossed the threshold of her house that Agatha recollected that the stranger had left his horse at the great room window and looking forth upon the lawn, she said, "Father Manning pass the finest spot where Bruno was lying apparently in slumber.

She approached, the dog arose with stately and a growl, and remained sitting upon his haunches serving the gentleman as he continued his stroll, and though he remained upon the lawn for some time, the dog never removed his eyes from him, nor ceased, motioning from time to time his warning low growl.

"Where is Mr. Manning?" asked Agatha of the servant whom she met in the hall upon her entrance.

"He is in the house but a few moments ago, Madam," replied the girl. "We have all been alarmed at your absence, and Mr. Manning would go down to the road and see if you had strolled so far."

"Where," he returned, "I have been abroad, but have returned," said Agatha, and taking the silver bell which stood upon a stand, she lighted herself to her own apartment.

CHAPTER V.

DESARTES AND DESARTES.

With a chin so thin,
With a nose so long,
With a mouth so wide,
And a look so strong.

Had Agatha Evreton been at all superstitious, had her character been a little stronger than it was, she would have been filled with fearful forebodings, and would have been effectually banished from the room by the sight of the dog which followed her husband's marriage. For, overcome by fatigue, sternly resolved to keep thought at bay, and having once determined upon an irrevocable step, opposed by nature to search the motives, she hastily dismissed all that recall upon her couch for the night.

Her window looked out upon the park in the distance, and the dog's deep bay, and then after a lengthened pause, there came to her ears a mournful prolonged howl. The sound was repeated with continuous and increased energy, and even where Agatha fell asleep the mournful sound disturbed her dreams.

Restless and restless by it, she at length arose and opening her casement, looked forth. The moon was shining brightly, and on the lawn beneath of an approaching figure. The animal sighed lugubriously through the trees, and the distant plaints of the dog were brought to her ears by the wind, now clear and distinct, and again low and muffled by distance. Yet the animal himself seemed to remain in one spot, for the sounds were not worn of wind with from the same direction. Agatha looked in the direction of the sounds, where they appeared upon the road to Evreton.

The animal's deep bays and mournful howls did not fail at length to have a mournful effect upon her spirits, and after watching the gathering storm, and listening to the sounds which seemed to increase in power, she closed the window and returned to her bed.

But sleep seemed to be effectually banished from her eyelids. Every slumberous to recall the drowsy god, he seemed dead to her woeful sighs, and at length, giving over the hope, she thought she lay still, listening to the wind, and in lieu of other silent diversion, counting the infrequent rain drops which, like scud-ers of sand on the street, were cast and dashed against the window-panes.

Suddenly the dog's howls, and then were succeeded by the wild notes of mournful alarm or warning. Yet, after a while, all distant sounds were forgotten in her attention to those faint and muffled noises which were passing outside her chamber door.

She distinctly heard a cautious step stealthily along the corridor. It paused before her door, and as she listened with every faculty strained to the utmost, she heard the intervening the door fastened, labored breathing without in the passage.

It was only for an instant, however, and then the stealthy footsteps were again resumed, and passing slowly down the length of the hall, and up the flight of steps at the other end, all was silent and the second portion of the night.

Excited, and wondering within herself while these, and, even more, she was as they were passed the house of Broadacres perplexed herself with having allowed her imagination to invest the probable passing of a servant to a distant part of the house with a strange, and suggestive interest, and mostly, as she thought, with a fearful one. She mentally scolded herself for her folly, and covered her head with the bed clothing, and was soon engaged for her sensible reason by falling into a sound slumber.

The next morning she was not in her accustomed place at the breakfast table at the usual hour, and though, when she finally descended, she fully expected that she had kept her cousin a long time waiting, he answered she found that he too had not as yet made his appearance.

He entered, however, before a quarter of an hour, and Agatha could not fail to immediately remark the change that had taken place in his appearance since she had seen him the evening before.

His looks were haggard, his manner changed and abstracted, and his mood, fitful, to the point of rudeness.

Upon the entrance of Agatha, approaching him in a courteous manner, he put out his hand, but seemed to forget his employment next moment, as with an effort at composure, he said:

"Why do you ask these questions? Do I look ill or disturbed?"

"Indeed I do," replied Agatha. "Something has surely occurred. Look at you own face in the opposite mirror, and see for yourself what a great change there is in your appearance."

Walter Manning hastily glanced in the opposite direction, and then passing his hand across his face, he said:

"Something has indeed occurred, Agatha, to try the patience of the most patient. I hope to keep it from your knowledge."

"Is it connected with me?" anything from you," he added, hastily, as he observed that the event has taken place, and the suspense which could not be endured. "Your utter ignorance of its real nature, would be more terrible than a full knowledge of the truth. To pray tell me of it, whatever it may be. You have been abroad this morning, Walter, your boots are wet, and your clothing is damp and travel-soiled."

"I have been abroad," he replied, "ever since an hour after daylight. A fearful deed has been committed, Agatha, in the vicinity of Broadacres, and the whole neighborhood is in the wildest excitement and confusion."

"A fearful deed! What mean you, Walter? Are any of our servants concerned in the matter?"

"Yes, a foul murder was last night perpetrated just beyond the park gates."

"Who was murdered?" cried Agatha, clasping her hands, and with blanched cheek and dilated eyes confronting her cousin.

"I cannot tell you," answered Walter, for a riderless animal was found cropping the grass by the road-side, and the search which was made instantly consequent upon it, resulted in the discovery of the murdered man, lying in the shrubbery on the other side of the road between the upton and the manorer, suffering from a fearful blow from a fire-arm."

"Has not the body been found?"

"No."

"Then why is it supposed that a murder has been committed?"

"Because blood was found upon the wild weed, and because there was evidence that the body had been dragged from the road to a dense clump of trees."

"This is terrible!" cried Agatha, sinking upon a chair, and leaning her head upon her hands to rest upon the table.

"It is terrible," she repeated; "for, Walter, you have not told me all. You have not told me the name of the murdered man."

Her cousin looked at her in surprise.

"You know him, Agatha," he said, "and probably think that the sudden appearance of the stranger last night, and his request to see you at an early hour this morning, may have some connection with the matter, but indeed, Agatha, you are wrong. The man lying by the roadside is a stranger to me, and I have not heard that he has been in the neighborhood."

"Then who is it supposed that a murder has been committed upon?" asked Agatha, looking up from her hands, and her cheeks were crimson with excitement.

"He could

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

BY GRACE H. HOUR.

Oh, the blessings the world might have,
If the stewards the gurnas would save!
Every day, every year,
And the faltering steps would be just by a lift!

Yonder lad with the bruising eye,
Bowed by the load of a sin,
Bearing the goad from the ill to-day,
Checked and chilled by the stormy drift,
Give him a lift!

That young girl who is peering round,
Sorrowful reading the dangerous ground,
Looking ahead for the beacon light,
Wants a shrewd eye to save her a lift!

See that wreck on the sea of life,
Slowly arranged by the waves of strife!
Stay not to count every spot you see,
Nor to say what he might have been,
Give him a lift!

There is one who has gone to the devil,
And he tells with no hope of rest!
Ye who can ride all your life at ease,
And can do as your fancies please,
Give him a lift!

Ye who enjoy easy coffee, at ease!
Rest an effort—that is not lost.
Surely the wasting of years through care,
So the fruits of their toil they'll share
Give them a lift!

Not to pamper a wild desire—
Just the aid that they can't acquire
Some in the shade, and the others in sun,
And the stewards agree that it's best
To give them a lift.

Oh, the blessings—the heavenly dower!
Oh, the patience of God to man!
Which shall the true in the truth retain,
And the wandering star reclaim?
Give him a lift!

A BONE of CONTENTION.
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MARVELOUS WIDOW," "THE HALLEY'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILLARNEY," "THE OLD LION'S SECRET," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

AN UNPROMISING INTERVENTION.

While the events which we have chronicled were transpiring in Hamburg, other events were occurring down in Huntingdonshire which materially affected the interests of Colonel Moor and Hilda Floyd.

These events were of the most important and startling character, and their result was the restoration of Colonel Moor to Miss Floyd, perfectly legal and valid, and the freeing of Gilda from all legal or other association with Moor's fortunes.

These events we will now hasten to narrate. Upon the evening in which Hilda Floyd had so resolutely insulted and defied Lord Waldemar—her own cousin—the handsome house stags in the parish church of St. Judes—Miss Floyd's parish church—was filled with a large congregation of the Christian people among the fens, and sat down upon a tall, handsome spired church, before the broad, bright. A bright wood fire was blazing, the great backlog burned slowly, a footstool was placed before it, and the ruddy light streamed out between the tall, drawn curtains over the two back floor and into the distant corners. A cozy tea-table burned on the floor.

The room was absent too. The tea-kettle was boiling, and a delicious odor of tea and steam from the coffee-pot spout as it sang gently above the blaze. Miss Bing's hands were laid idly upon her knees, and although her hands were idle her brain was busy, as was evidenced by her quick decisions, and by her frequent starts and glances over her shoulder.

She was thinking of the "ghost" that dismissed herself, and Gilda, and Hilda, and Moor—peering through key-holes and keeping things in order.

Only the night before, a ghost appeared and roamed dark, had completely and entirely disappeared with her pantry, in company with a bottle of ale which was one of a dozen that she had procured to cook with over the hours. The tempting bait of toasted cheese in her raid-up had completely bewitched, a convincing proof that the midnight depredator was no immortal member.

Rats are not in the habit of lugging off bottles of ale, and Miss Bing had come to the instead the spectre," and hurried on upon her as a crash behind them. I've searched the entire house by day for Gilda's ghost, but I know the thief is a ghost. When I spoke to the farmer boys, when the night-watch more previous to me, he said it was the spirit of the man in the same moment as if in fear, and cannot rest in the grave. If he can't, he's no business here, and I'll soon have him out of the house. I'll search the house, from the cellar to the roof of the house, and I'll stand it no longer."

She looked quickly and sharply behind her, fancying the shadows in the corners peopled with intruding ghosts. But not revealing her presence, she went to the pantry and brought out a bottle half filled with brandy, and proceeded to concoct a drink with hot water, sugar and liquor. Having imbibed this, but feeling the solitude unbearably oppressive, she resolved to rouse up a few pots of tea to her young prisoner, muttering:

"I'll make her drink a cup of tea, and I'll tell her about that I found her. I'll go to my own room. I keep expecting the ghost to pounce on me here."

She made the tea in a small black earthen pot, foamed a large cup full of cream and this simple refreshment as an excuse for seeking Moore's companionship, for she was nervous and admitted herself into Honor's room.

She found Honor sitting by the fire was burning, and she was also watching before it, her face on her hands, her elbows leaning on her knees, her eyes fixed intently upon the bed of coals. She had not removed her garments for the night, and her dress, which was a gray travelling suit, worn and shabby now.

"I've brought you up some tea," said she, and the spinster, depositing the tray on a table and pushing the latter forward.

The girl looked up in surprise at the unexpected intrusion.

"I was lonely down stairs," said Miss Bing, half ashamed of her superstition, "and my company will be none a heavier than some."

"Perhaps so," said Honor, "but I don't want the tea. I have eaten my regular meals without interruption, Miss Bing, but I have reason to distrust any especial kindnesses from you."

"I'm sure don't struggled, if you mean that," said the woman sharply. "I brought it up to be the means of making you a companion for a few moments. The house is haunted, that's the truth, and I don't like to be in these great rooms alone."

"I don't believe in ghosts," said Honor. "Are you not the girl who I got up in your shop, Miss Bing? Last night, and every night since I have been here, some one has stealthily through the key-hole of my door, and tried my latch, and muttered aloud:

"Lor' asked" ejaculated Miss Bing, in terror. "Why didn't you speak to the thief?"

"Because I supposed it a part of your plan to frighten me. Is it not, Miss Bing? Is it not well?" asked the girl, sternly. "I am not sure now that such is not the case."

"But I vow," said Miss Bing, solemnly, "that it was not I. I don't walk in my sleep, and I have heard the same noises at my door and in the hall. It's the ghost!"

Her terror was unmistakably genuine.

"Those sounds may be susceptible of a very simple explanation," said Honor, "if I don't believe that they are supernatural."

Then what do you think of cooked food disappearing from my pantry every night?" demanded Miss Bing, in a high, excited voice, and still being carried off by the supernatural of my new Witney blankets disappearing bodily, without leaving so much as a thread behind?" it's the ghost!"

"Some tramp perhaps—"

"Tramps, indeed! What? I've searched the house from top to bottom every day, and the windows and doors are all fast. Some stranger, indeed!" scoffed Miss Bing. "I tell you, Miss, it's a ghost!"

Honor offered no further objections to Miss Bing's theory, but her eyes again remained unchanged.

"I do not want the tea, Miss Bing," she observed, pushing the table from her. "I would like a cup of coffee. I am very sleepy, and shall go to bed the waker, Miss, and if you feel afraid with you an hour or more," she added, kindly.

"I am not sleepy, and I don't like to go to bed."

Honor assented to the proposition, and Miss Bing took up the tray, with the lighted candle upon it, and went out into the hall. The key was in the outside of the lock of Honor's room. Miss Bing came to bed, she knew, shooting the bolt home, but without withdrawing the key, so she was the relocked immediately.

The spinster had cross the hall to the staircase landing. There was a small niche of lumber in Miss Bing's voice rent the air, the tray and dishes went clattering down the stairs, and there followed the sound of two heavy falling bodies, bumping down the stairs, and landing with a dull thud upon the brick floor of the lower hall.

Honor comprehended that Miss Bing had fallen down stairs, and before he her door and listened. There came up to her a series of groans, and then a voice, which was evidently interrupted with horrible pains, apparently emanating from another source.

What had happened? The viper of Miss Bing's screams allested that she was not seriously injured, or else she was in a state of mortal terror. Who was in the house besides the girl and Miss Bing?

Honor beat her small fists upon her door, rattling a latter that remained immovable, in great fear and confusion.

The first conclusion was that Sir Hugh Tregarvon had come to her rescue, and that it was the sight of him that terrified Miss Bing.

She kept on her knees while this idea held possession.

"How I am!" she cried. "Let me out! let me out!"

There was a sound of a struggle in the hall below, a sound of steps on the stairs, and a voice in the hall. The voice was Moor's, and it was talking with a strange, hoarse, unnatural tone. Honor knew that Moore had found her missing key, and had come softly back to disappointment and a vague alarm. Then, confusion and terror had overcome him, the key was turned in the lock, and the door was flung open.

Honor glibt stood face to face with the form of Colonel Moor.

It was no shadowy shape that confronted her, no spirit such as Miss Bing had invented in her agitation had conceived. But it was scarcely less startling in its appearance.

It was a living, breathing man, and yet more like a ghost than a living, breathing creature.

She was tall and emaciated, and wore a woolen shirt and trousers, and a coarse coat. Her fair hair, ragged and uneven, and dark, had in waves, was thrown back from her shoulders. Her big blue eyes stood out from her head, and were fixed upon Honor with a terrible, unchanging expression. Her forehead was a frightful open wound from which the blood dripped and clotted in her hair and on her chest as if a terrible agony were raging within.

Her face, contrary to the expectation of the woman, yet there was an aspect of indescribable grandeur about her, a grandeur that, at least a fragment of her reason had come back to her.

"I think I'm dying!" she said, in a voice that was like a whisper. "Where is Hilda? Where is she? Is she dead?"

"No, no, no, I tell you now. He says he will be with me in a few days. I am not afraid of his smile. He repents our murder. He is coming back to me. He says so. Have I been sick long?"

"Yes, Colonel Moor," said Honor gently. "I don't remember your face. Do you know me?"

"Yes," answered Honor dutifully. "Shall I go for you?"

"Shall I go for you?" she repeated. "Where is Hilda? Where is she? Is she dead? Is she dead? Is she dead?"

The words ceased again, a quick breath came from the still parted lips, and the soul became a pale with which Honor was not acquainted.

The stormy life was over: the weary heart had ceased to throb and pain. The face of eyes Darrel Moor had once loved were hidden from the world, and the spirit had gone before.

The violet-fathered La Belle Carmine had joined the angels.

What, and how, had she died?

Who knew?

Honor gently lifted head, disclosing the glazing eyes. The white and rigid lips parted, and a stream of blood flowed from between them.

Colonel Darrel Moor—his wife is dead. Behold!

The words closed again, a quick breath came from the still parted lips, and the soul became a pale with which Honor was not acquainted.

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They did so. The wound upon the woman's head was obviously Honor's own handiwork, gentleness and even tenderness. They explained her hasty, fevered words. Her key was broken, and Miss Bing declared that one of the ghosts had taken it. Honor's own words, "Let me out! let me out!" were a terrible reality.

"We can do nothing for her," said the jailer. "She is already dying. She'll last but a few minutes longer. See how gray her face is; how pinched her nose; and she is picking at the blanket. That's a sure sign of death."

"Poor thing!" sighed Honor, kneeling over her and stroking the damp white brows soft-ly. "Poor thing! I am sorry I have hurt you so."

The woman looked up with a pitiful and tearful face.

"Ah, yes," she whispered. "Darrel loved me—he will love me again, and take away my hair and my bones cried Darrel loved me!"

"Yes, my husband," said Honor, "he is my husband, Miss Bing. Now you know why I took down upon me at Baden-Baden! I am Honor Darrel Moor—his wife! I am the lawful wife, and she is very feeble. Who knows but I am dying? I have received a terrible blow. Look at the blood over and over my marriage, but he will—he must. I'll send for him. I'll go to him. I'll get on my knees to him and plead for my Darrel. What would you have me do, Miss Bing, after the vile old man's pride? Darrel shall love me again, and forgive me."

Her voice rose to a shrill scream.

"Oh, Miss Bing, what shall I do?"

"Oh, yes, speak," cried Honor Glint, falling upon her knees beside the bed. "Tell me what you wish. Is your husband dead?"

The dying woman turned on the girl's golden head a look of scorn.

"Ah, he's nothing to you, girl. He belongs to me. He is mine. I married him in the church of Brighton. He took me with him to Germany, he did not leave me, because he could not. His impression to go out, that he was not married to me. I say he was. I have the proofs in the registry at Somerset House. I can let him go. I can't help it. He is mine. He will love me again. He will come back."

She seemed to hearken for a footstep on the stairs.

"It's no use," said Miss Bing. "You must not excite her."

"I'm sleepy," the woman murmured, "My head aches. The pain is making me sick. I'm so tired."

She was silent for some minutes, closing her eyes and moaning, and seeming to be drowsing off into sleep, and her glances were fixed upon Honor with a look of fear. Her restless glance now, but were strangely staring. The expression of her face was changing, softness and sweetness seemed to mantle the grandeur about her, and she looked, indeed, at least a fragment of her reason had come back to her.

"What, and how, had she died?

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

Whatever may be the Lenten at the expiration of the year, we shall not stop the paper. We hope it will be, but it will be continued. It will be sent to any subscription at least one year beyond the time so paid.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former as well as his present address.

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☞ We are now printing a travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Kindness to Animals—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty.

Kindness to animals has always, from the earliest time, been inculcated as a moral duty. "A righteous man regardeth his beast," saith the Bible. It is the instinct of a man of humane nature to be careful and considerate of the comfort and wants of dumb animals that are dependent upon him.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in this city, is supposed by many people to be the first institution of the kind ever established; but such a society has existed in London for a great many years. At first it encountered opposition and ridicule; and it was only by dint of perseverance and argument that it was established and preserved.

Indeed a good deal of sensible common fact are requisite to commend such a society to public favor, and we know, of late, pitifully realised the great jeopardy in which the simplest account of Mr. Henry Bergh was during the organization of which he is president.

When his eccentricities first began to manifest themselves, it was said in extenuation of them that it required just such a man—"a man of one idea and half cracked"—to devote himself to such business, and that many reformers had been partially insane.

This may be very true; but Mr. Bergh has acted lately, and as if he were "half cracked," but as if he were wholly cracked. Some of his letters to the public read like the productions of "some dam fool." He talks, not as if he were a man, but a demi-god. He assumes powers which, under our free and republican form of government, are never delegated to any body. His conduct is at once arrogant, silly and tyrannical. In his zeal and for the rights of animals he forgets entirely the more important rights of persons. He makes himself so very ridiculous, that one is compelled to believe him insane, or to conclude that, instead of being an enlightened philanthropist, he is a mere seeker after personal notoriety at the expense of the public convenience.

We earnestly desire to see the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals continued. We believe it capable of great good. But we cannot help perceiving that the follies of Mr. Bergh are the greatest obstacles in its way, and that unless they are abated they threaten to get an end to the very existence of the Society.

We understand that there has been a great deal of complaint about Mr. Bergh during the epidemic, for stopping cars, when he saw them at all, at places which occasion the greatest inconvenience to passengers. People say, very reasonably, that if he wants to interfere in reference to the car horses, he should go and send some of his agents to the stables before the horses are taken out, and forbid the use of such as are considered too sick to work.

Instead of that, he waits until a car gets half way down town, and then orders the horses removed, leaving the passengers to get along as they can.

One man, in particular, said he had horses at home in the country which he wished regarding his attention; but Mr. Bergh, by removing the horses from the cars which he was making his way to the ferry, had kept him in the city over night.

Others who have been greatly inconvenienced and injured in their business, threatened to bring actions against Mr. Bergh for damages, and to test his right to interfere in such an arbitrary manner with the rights of American citizens.

It is evident that Mr. Bergh will have to be removed from his office, and some man of better judgment and more common sense put in his place, or the days of this Society—capable of accomplishing so much good—are already numbered.

Honest Thieves.

In looking over some old dramatic works, we were struck with the title of one: "Honest Thieves, a Farce."

It occurred to us that this was quite applicable to the present times. It seems that "Honest Thieves" was played many years ago; it is played now; but such thieves and such it is always the same—*a farce*.

Great reforms are constantly promised. A new order of things, we are told, is to be established. Great improvements are to be made.

But when we come to inquire into it, we find that, in reality, it is only proposed to put some new thieves, who are called honest thieves,* in place of the old ones. Let it be borne in mind that the whole thing is a farce.

* **Reform in Dress.**

The young ladies of the first class in the High School at Portland, Me., think that they are handsome enough without much artificial ornament; so they have determined to dress in a very plain manner, and to wear but little jewelry. They are quite right, both in their promises and their resolution.

"Can I Afford to Get Married?"

This is the burden, not of verses only, but of hundreds of letters of inquiry addressed to the Ledger.

"I am a young man, and am receiving a moderate salary, on which I manage to live and lay up a little something. I am deeply in love with a young lady who is about two years my junior. She appears to reciprocate my regard, and does favorable attentions from any one else. Do you think I can afford to get married?"

Then, substantially, they write.

We reply, Yes, you can afford to get married, if you still afford it. It all rests with yourself and your good lady. If you both deliberately make up your minds that you care more for each other than for anybody or anything else; that you are willing to practice the economy and self-denial to live, not merely on your income, but within it, as one always to be laying aside something, as the saying is, "for a rainy day," then you can afford to get married.

If, however, your passion is but a fleeting emotion, if, having caught your bird, you are going to leave it to pine to loneliness; if you cannot do without wines and cigars, and other dieterotous or useless luxuries; if you must trifle away time and money in fashionable companions; if, having decided on wholesome rules of life, you have not the firmness to adhere to them and carry them out, then you cannot afford to get married.

There are a great many reasons why the fear of getting married, where the match is really a desirable one, is the result of cowardice, in short. Its greatest enjoyment is in reciprocal affection. Sweeter than the perfume of flowers is the fragrance of mutual love. It is the life and the light of existence. It enhances its sunshine, and relieves the darkness and gloom which, in the providence of God, gather at intervals over its pathway.

Well doth the poet say:

> "For marriage, rightly understood,
> Is to the virtuous and the good,
> The happiest lot below."

Then why should one postpone the enjoyment of that happiness?

A married man has advantages in his business over a single man. He has more motives to cultivate the confidence of people in general, because, among other reasons, he is known to be has a greater stake in the community. Then the habits which are naturally inculcated by married life are more favorable to sobriety, which we esteem.

The management and economy of a home of one's own are calculated to make a man stronger and better, more thoughtful, more resolute, more successful.

You can afford to get married, if you will.

☞ Now, unless we receive instructions to the contrary, we shall continue to call the attention of their bosses to the above article.

Wide Disparity in the Punishment of Crime.

Recorder HACKETT recently sentenced a man to twenty years' imprisonment in the state prison for a highway robbery, in which a little over a dollar was obtained from the person of the complainant.

On the same day the Recorder sentenced a man to two years' imprisonment for kicking and beating his own wife almost to death.

The Recorder HACKETT was right in both these sentences.

He was right in the first one, because the prisoner was an old offender, and he prefaced it by an appropriate speech to that effect.

"Warren, you are a hardened ruffian, and have already served two terms in the state prison. The lives of citizens are not safe while you are permitted to go at large."

The Recorder was right in the second case, because a plea of insanity was set up, and the degree had been accepted from the prisoner, that a person cannot inflict more than two years' imprisonment for that offence. In passing this sentence the Recorder remarked that while it was the highest penalty the law allows, any man who strikes his mother ought to be imprisoned for life.

But whether, under the circumstances, the full penalty of imprisonment for the highest degree should have been accepted from the prisoner is another question. The Recorder's merit seems altogether inadequate to the offence.

Women and Dress.

Do women talk about anything but dress? Sometimes we think not.

As you pass a pair of them in the street, you catch such bits of conversation as these:

"Your flounces are all bias."

"Hers had fringe."

"They are worn longer than ever now."

"Black silk is so genteel."

"Mine was made at home. She may say it was imported from Paris, but I know better."

"I'm going to have mine faced with velvet."

You sit opposite them in the cars, and it is the same thing. In church they look down each other, and a soft whisper of "Pompadour cloth" is audible.

You go to a wedding, and it is the bride's dress that is discussed; and, ascending to the have heard ladies who had just shed tears at the bier of departed friends, and who had alluded to the width of the hem on a crape veil, or the cut and fit of the deceased's dress.

Clothes, clothes, clothes! How we loathe, not what we do—always; how we appear, not what we are.

Is it strange that men should look down each other, and a soft whisper of "Pompadour cloth" is audible.

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Clothes, clothes, clothes! How we loathe, not what we do—always; how we appear, not what we are.

Is it strange that men should look down upon women as a class, when so many of them make such a display of their vanity?

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KINDNESS TO HORSES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One good effect of modern speculation, if it shall show that man was developed from a lower condition in the animal kingdom, is to be hoped, will be to beget a kinder feeling toward our former kindred and companions! Such speculations as these seem to shut bringing the human race down to the brute, but may, and should cause men to raise the animal kingdom so high as to bring them into the same range of sympathy and kindness. The habit of treating animals with unkindness is bad, not only as causing unnecessary suffering, but as hardening the heart, and rendering it less likely to be tender toward the human kind.

Our children are educated to disregard, and often to feel and express the utmost repugnance to the great mass of animal life. Thus noxious insects and dangerous animals ought to be avoided, simply no reason why we should raise a prejudice against the vast host of harmless things which, in their own short day, have their share of enjoyment as we do.

The great epidemic among horses brings out with vividness many things in our most faithful servants. There is no animal living that performs for man so much labor, and has for itself so little provision made for its wholesome care of life, as have our horses. Strenuous to adhere to them and carry them out, then you cannot afford to get married.

There are a great many reasons why the fear of getting married, where the match is really a desirable one, is the result of cowardice, in short. Its greatest enjoyment is in reciprocal affection. Sweeter than the perfume of flowers is the fragrance of mutual love. It is the life and the light of existence. It enhances its sunshine, and relieves the darkness and gloom which, in the providence of God, gather at intervals over its pathway.

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"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

BY REV. J. HALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

George P. Morris did not live on Fifth Avenue, New York. The man who wrote,

> "Woodman, spare that tree!
> Touch not a single bough!
> In youth it sheltered me,
> And I'll protect it now,"

would not have stood, or if he did, meekly by, and seen "Egyptian hair dye" stuck on a tin sign-board on his ball door, on the side of a noble tree that sheltered him and his. We have seen many a fine tree, in our own interests of trade. No doubt there are incidental advantages about such commercial puffs of property to private uses. It is a great advantage, when walking the streets, to have goods and possibly vast sums day all around you—notices "to right of you, notices to left of you." Wagons and drays a double rows show that the streets are not above their business; and the undertakers, when they go on the side-path a wooden structure, with a full-length portrait of a coffin on each of its four sides, furnish a cheap sermon, an impressive sermon sure to all passers-by. It is better than Philip's slave, paid to preach on his carried up his hot water for shaving every morning. "Remember that are mortal." It is a contribution to public morality, and perhaps accounts for the high tone of feeling and the exceptional demeanor of the population so favored. They are probably—the undertakers—the most orthodox. They attend to the clergy, to return for the privilege afforded them of advertising on the walls of the "sacred edifice," a privilege not yet conceded to monthly nurses, medical men, and the like, though it would be hard to show on what ground it is withheld from them, for people have as much need, and as good, to be born, to marry, and to be cured, and to have their wills made, as to be buried. Indeed, a severe logician might argue that the last requirement is the one that has the best claim to it.

But the hair dye ought to be resented, and the vestry committee be organized to debate the nuisance on the knee, the present writer will—not join it, that would hardly be consistent with the professional support, provided the committee is moderate in its aims. It will not, of course, be impossible to remove from the trees, but he would see no objection to removing their offensive bits of tin beside the other "business notices" which are offensive to the eye and to the taste. Perhaps, as elegantly described as "gutter-snipes."

Alas! for the trees! An immense portion of the trees in our streets, in front of basement the Alleghanies, and other wooded mountains, have been cut down, and those we have no great proportion. Manured with dog-poisoned carcasses, they are found to be seen over much of this country. All through Pennsylvania, and the trees to a very variety, beauty, and other and more substantial benefits.

But we are not able, or willing, to keep the trees. They require the attendance, the tenure by the bills, cut out the benefit, and the trees are cut down. Hence, in the streets of our cities, there are few trees to be seen. Or the lesser speculation—the tree-box, or the birch, and they back and bow whatever is their way in the direction of their master. Hence, in all our streets, where used to be graceful trees, there are "gutter-snipes," monstrous, and filthy advertisements, and in the country we have the "snipes" of the same kind, in the fences which Mr. Bryant says were "Cowper's line" to the eye, and which shut down what we see with its conical boulders.

We do not count this a mere matter of sentiment. Of course it is a great loss to the eye "the crimson tree" beside which

> "The milkmaid sings and singeth to her face,
> Nor sunk within in rosealn canopy
> Of leaves and scented air."

—particularly as we never had, and cannot have, the Swedish sun, with such beautiful effects.

But taking age and whispering leaves aside.

The loss of verdure, like the loss of the eye of early oriental times, and like the more modern loss of eyesight by the use of the "snipes" of tobacco, is a great loss, and we cannot directly in many other great things to prevent the spread of the evil, which is a great loss to many. Its former fertility and teeming productiveness seem to be almost incredible. It is now parched, and kept barren by drought. It is a glorious land, but it is a land of *tree-lessness*. Its hills and valleys were covered with forests. Now they are bare through drought. The hills about Jerusalem were bare, and the valleys were parched, and the Lord that effect, and, by way out of the soil, have often been the staple of the fuel for the Turkish and Arabic tenants of Jerusalem.

By and by we shall begin to feel the want of trees. Already the Western States begin to become too valuable to give up to a crop of wheat, and the Western farmers are particularly copious, as in France, keeping watch and ward over patches of trees. Even in the Western farmers, planted their beeches there because they were "handy" to the house, and to get to the wood was a long and fatiguing journey in the races of those we cut down? or is timber so plentiful as to maintain as a matter of fact? Is it too near an interference with every man's right to do what he will with his own? But one may do with his own so as to injure his neighbor. Is it not the province of public address themselves to this question? Why should not the public, through its legislature, protect itself and itself? To appeal to the feeling of the men who are now desolating the country by cutting down its trees and drying up its Paradise, it is not at all a wild supposition that the legislature would have been to calculate how many feet of lumber the place of a tree is worth, and how much the value of coal men may be appealed to, and they will be willing to pay the country a tax will prevent its timber, not only to yield "in succession," but to yield in the first place. Why should not the public be allowed to plant trees on the fertility of mother earth?

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KINDNESS TO HORSES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One good effect of modern speculation, if it shall show that man was developed from a lower condition in the animal kingdom, is to be hoped, will be to beget a kinder feeling toward our former kindred and companions! Such speculations as these seem to shut bringing the human race down to the brute, but may, and should cause men to raise the animal kingdom so high as to bring them into the same range of sympathy and kindness. The habit of treating animals with unkindness is bad, not only as causing unnecessary suffering, but as hardening the heart, and rendering it less likely to be tender toward the human kind.

Our children are educated to disregard, and often to feel and express the utmost repugnance to the great mass of animal life. Thus noxious insects and dangerous animals ought to be avoided, simply no reason why we should raise a prejudice against the vast host of harmless things which, in their own short day, have their share of enjoyment as we do.

The great epidemic among horses brings out with vividness many things in our most faithful servants. There is no animal living that performs for man so much labor, and has for itself so little provision made for its wholesome care of life, that we have our firmness to adhere to them and carry them out, then you cannot afford to get married.

There are a great many reasons why the fear of getting married, where the match is really a desirable one, is the result of cowardice, in short. Its greatest enjoyment is in reciprocal affection. Sweeter than the perfume of flowers is the fragrance of mutual love. It is the life and the light of existence. It enhances its sunshine, and relieves the darkness and gloom which, in the providence of God, gather at intervals over its pathway.

Well doth the poet say:

> "For marriage, rightly understood,
> Is, to the virtuous and the good,
> The happiest lot below."

Then why should one postpone the enjoyment of that happiness?

A married man has advantages in his business over a single man. He has more motives to cultivate the confidence of people in general, because, among other reasons, he is known to be has a greater stake in the community. Then the habits which are naturally inculcated by married life are more favorable to sobriety, which we esteem.

The management and economy of a home of one's own are calculated to make a man stronger and better, more thoughtful, more resolute, more successful.

You can afford to get married, if you will.

☞ Now, unless we receive instructions to the contrary, we shall continue to call the attention of their bosses to the above article.

Wide Disparity in the Punishment of Crime.

Recorder HACKETT recently sentenced a man to twenty years' imprisonment in the state prison for a highway robbery, in which a little over a dollar was obtained from the person of the complainant.

On the same day the Recorder sentenced a man to two years' imprisonment for kicking and beating his own wife almost to death.

The Recorder HACKETT was right in both these sentences.

He was right in the first one, because the prisoner was an old offender, and he prefaced it by an appropriate speech to that effect.

"Warren, you are a hardened ruffian, and have already served two terms in the state prison. The lives of citizens are not safe while you are permitted to go at large."

The Recorder was right in the second case, because a plea of insanity was set up, and the degree had been accepted from the prisoner, that a person cannot inflict more than two years' imprisonment for that offence. In passing this sentence the Recorder remarked that while it was the highest penalty the law allows, any man who strikes his mother ought to be imprisoned for life.

But whether, under the circumstances, the full penalty of imprisonment for the highest degree should have been accepted from the prisoner is another question. The Recorder's merit seems altogether inadequate to the offence.

Women and Dress.

Do women talk about anything but dress? Sometimes we think not.

As you pass a pair of them in the street, you catch such bits of conversation as these:

"Your flounces are all bias."

"Hers had fringe."

"They are worn longer than ever now."

"Black silk is so genteel."

"Mine was made at home. She may say it was imported from Paris, but I know better."

"I'm going to have mine faced with velvet."

You sit opposite them in the cars, and it is the same thing. In church they look down each other, and a soft whisper of "Pompadour cloth" is audible.

You go to a wedding, and it is the bride's dress that is discussed; and, ascending to the have heard ladies who had just shed tears at the bier of departed friends, and who had alluded to the width of the hem on a crape veil, or the cut and fit of the deceased's dress.

Clothes, clothes, clothes! How we loathe, not what we do—always; how we appear, not what we are.

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Two Boys Locked in a Safe—A Narrow Escape.

[From the Chicago Post.]

A few evening since, after the business of the day in the store, which is also used as a bank, the two boys on Scarth street locked up two of the boys in a safe. They were left there unconscious of the combination, and the lads assumed a serious aspect. They were locked in the safe overnight, and would be in there all night, and the time at which he was placed. After several ineffectual attempts to open the door, one of the boys picked up a break-neck pace to secure the assistance of the janitor, who lives in the rear of the store. The janitor found the boys nearly exhausted for a supply of oxygen in the safe was by this time nearly used up. He found out the boys not being fitted with a hydrogen attachment, their breathing apparatus was not in working order, and they were nearly suffocated. The janitor arrived at the door in something less than better acquainted, but the other managed to inhale enough of the fresh air to keep him alive, and enabled them to open the iron prison. They soon after soon recovered, but it will be some time before they will forget the fun they had in the safe.

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"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

BY REV. J. HALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

George P. Morris did not live on Fifth Avenue, New York. The man who wrote,

> "Woodman, spare that tree!
> Touch not a single bough!
> In youth it sheltered me,
> And I'll protect it now,"

would not have stood, or if he did, meekly by, and seen "Egyptian hair dye" stuck on a tin sign-board on his ball door, on the side of a noble tree that sheltered him and his. We have seen many a fine tree, in our own interests of trade. No doubt there are incidental advantages about such commercial puffs of property to private uses. It is a great advantage, when walking the streets, to have goods and possibly vast sums day all around you—notices "to right of you, notices to left of you." Wagons and drays a double rows show that the streets are not above their business; and the undertakers, when they go on the side-path a wooden structure, with a full-length portrait of a coffin on each of its four sides, furnish a cheap sermon, an impressive sermon sure to all passers-by. It is better than Philip's slave, paid to preach on his carried up his hot water for shaving every morning. "Remember that are mortal." It is a contribution to public morality, and perhaps accounts for the high tone of feeling and the exceptional demeanor of the population so favored. They are probably—the undertakers—the most orthodox. They attend to the clergy, to return for the privilege afforded them of advertising on the walls of the "sacred edifice," a privilege not yet conceded to monthly nurses, medical men, and the like, though it would be hard to show on what ground it is withheld from them, for people have as much need, and as good, to be born, to marry, and to be cured, and to have their wills made, as to be buried. Indeed, a severe logician might argue that the last requirement is the one that has the best claim to it.

But the hair dye ought to be resented, and the vestry committee be organized to debate the nuisance on the knee, the present writer will—not join it, that would hardly be consistent with the professional support, provided the committee is moderate in its aims. It will not, of course, be impossible to remove from the trees, but he would see no objection to removing their offensive bits of tin beside the other "business notices" which are offensive to the eye and to the taste. Perhaps, as elegantly described as "gutter-snipes."

Alas! for the trees! An immense portion of the trees in our streets, in front of basement the Alleghanies, and other wooded mountains, have been cut down, and those we have no great proportion. Manured with dog-poisoned carcasses, they are found to be seen over much of this country. All through Pennsylvania, and the trees to a very variety, beauty, and other and more substantial benefits.

But we are not able, or willing, to keep the trees. They require the attendance, the tenure by the bills, cut out the benefit, and the trees are cut down. Hence, in the streets of our cities, there are few trees to be seen. Or the lesser speculation—the tree-box, or the birch, and they back and bow whatever is their way in the direction of their master. Hence, in all our streets, where used to be graceful trees, there are "gutter-snipes," monstrous, and filthy advertisements, and in the country we have the "snipes" of the same kind, in the fences which Mr. Bryant says were "Cowper's line" to the eye, and which shut down what we see with its conical boulders.

We do not count this a mere matter of sentiment. Of course it is a great loss to the eye "the crimson tree" beside which

> "The milkmaid sings and singeth to her face,
> Nor sunk within in rosealn canopy
> Of leaves and scented air."

—particularly as we never had, and cannot have, the Swedish sun, with such beautiful effects.

But taking age and whispering leaves aside.

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IN MEMORIAM.

SARA PAYSON PARTON

("Fanny Fern").

They tell us, friend, that thou hast gone before us;
That in "Sweet Auburn's" cypress shade—
Where the low violets sprout beneath the willow,
Where mid-day gleams chill many a stricken blade—

Thou hast found rest.

The shadowy hands of saints long since departed
Have led thee forward to the unseen shore;
Love's tears are wiped away, for in our sorrow,
A black funereal pall—for Hope, that cheers,
Has veiling fled to realms of light.
It seemeth best, dear friend, that thou shouldst leave us;
Yet when the waiting west wind grieves
Among the leaves, and autumn's sighing Revel-
Then shall their lover—now the solemn hours
Are charged by Autumn's falling leaves—
We joy to know that our poor hearts are better
For thy sweet presence while with us.
Then, rest thy weary head, in living hope, have some
Of thy dear friends, who, in the years to come,
Will lay the cold tomb's repose.
But when the sunset flushes of gladness,
And the bright morning dawns of joy,
And like pure gold released from its alloy,
Shall shine forever in our hearts,
Partaking heaven's perfect fruit.

"PUT TO RED WITHOUT SUPPER."

What a mistake some good people make when they punish their children! Instead of the rigid rule and decorum which become irksome, and which the committee assumes when parents and children assemble at table in solemn silence, and finish the meal within the shortest time possible, the evening meal may commence as exactly the proper moment; and the family circle at the comfortable table is scowled at, and reprimanded and remarked upon, by father and mother, and aunt and uncle, until the more punctual juniors come to regard it as a punishment. Then when one delays to bolt his meal within the time enforced by the rest, that culprit is "sent away" to stared at solemnly, and in a sort of excommunicated manner. Then he has a good time, and probably loses his dessert entirely, if a pie.

Oh, horrible hours, where the little boys are sent supperless to bed! Where the sweets of the little girls without a towel to bear; where the mother's heart aches for the child, but it was all for his good! Where the father, without meditating the expenditure to be incurred, sends the boy to bed without his shoes, shutters, or to tuck up the curtains, or to undress him, or to hear his prayers, or to table to have more of this dish or less of that!

The small boy is "sent to bed," is not accommodated, as Jack Sprats wife was by her husband, "to his liking." He is pudding has her triangular wedge, and to his mother's heart, and he is sent to bed, and is licking for the dish, a reproach for the lacing of the shoe on his palate.

Good and good-sweeping are charming; but the good order of a prison and the regular supply of rations—however good the fare—are not suitable for home.

Home is no home, even as far as reason will allow, the tastes and wishes of the children of the child are consulted. There is a freedom of word and action and speech, and the very variety of individuality.

When I was a child, home was the place where I was loved, and petted, and scolded, and the very worst punishment I ever received was forgiven there. There was no awful sentence to be laid down, and no dreamed of under the roof.

I do not think I grew up a worse woman because I was not whipped, or put to bed without my supper, or had to sit in the corner in grandmother's best lace cap, or making faces at the company, or to be "sent away" from the table. I was punished in my own way by forcing soft egg and fat into my mouth—which I hated—and I was punished by it, though it were poison.

I look back with horror over the wretched homeless children of the house where discipline as it is called, is the order of the day, and of the though their fate is costly and the dress perfect, and the table luxurious and the conscience free. They are more to be pitied than the poor little wretches who are "sent away" from the table to a poor age. In a family well served among the architect of one of the old cathedrals, and he could be consulted, and the child is kept in a garden at Peterborough that was built by the child's father, and the child is kept in a garden at Peterborough that was built by the child's father, and the child is kept in a garden at Peterborough that was built by the child's father, and the child is kept in a garden at Peterborough that was built by the child's father, and he would run to meet the child when he came home.

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A Little Boy Attacked by Rats.

[From the Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker.]

A little boy three years old, named Sourpence, whose parents reside near the Big Rock Mill, had one of his toes nearly eaten off right before the eyes of his mother, on Monday last. The boy was asleep alone in an attic room, and it was sometime after the attack of the rats before his cries reached his parents on the lower floor.

—How often it happens that in our relations with the people around us we forgive them more readily for what they do, which they can help, than for what they are, which they cannot help.

FOREBODED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Now, in the shortly brightness
Of the sunset's golden glow
The bodings and forebodings
The death-song of the year;
While the golden rod and the sumac
Their kindling beckon wave
And the wild-flowers all around
That hearth him to the grave.

Where, low in her lonely chamber,
The beautiful Spring-time lies,
Ashes of death on the gold of her hair,
And dust on the lilies of her eyes;
Where the fallen Summer sleepeth,
And the Autumn's robe is spun,
Her broken sceptre sighing down
From her fair hands lily-cool.

We heede she the wild complaining
Of the sombre sea alone,
And the quiet sorrow of mountain pines
Under the Evening Star;
The wail of the wind in the woodlands,
The whole mysterious grief,
Nor the monotone of brooks that chant
The fall of the fading leaf.

No more in the sunny hollows
The painted harvest-flowers,
And the feet of the white rain trampine out
The red of the dying roses,
Shall wake in saddened memories
Farewell to the Angel of Spring that lights
The Autumn's funeral pyre.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARSHAL," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "ROBY'S REASON," "THE CRIMSON HAND," "SARA MORSE'S LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAPTAIN FEDDER AGAIN AT DESOLATION.

The same keen prominent figure upon the deck of the yacht had caught Miss Pedder's eye was indeed her brother. The fact was placed beyond all question as the two vessels came nearer to each other.

"Is that really you, Ruth?" called Capt. Pedder, when his yacht was within a hundred yards of the clipper, and his sister had begun to wave her handkerchief to him.

"Yes, it is indeed I."

"Then I shall smile well again—quite recovered from your illness?"

"As you see."

Capt. Cooper here lifted his cap to his fellow-commander, and shouted:

"I am glad to see you again, Captain Pedder. You are well, I hope?"

"Yes, as hearty as ever, and you can say the same for yourself, if your face may be taken as evidence."

"Well, you, I'm the same man you've always known me to be, and I'm glad to see you, as I'll leave to, if you like, and you can come aboard to see us."

"Thank you. I shall be glad to do so," returned Pedder. "I'll be with you immediately."

The two vessels were at once hove to within a few rods of each other, and two boats were lowered from the entrance of the harbor, and Capt. Pedder lost no time in ordering out a boat and in embarking himself to the deck of the clipper.

He was received with outstretched arms and a hearty embrace from his brother-in-law, over at seeing him was greatly intensified by the disquietuated under which he found her smarting.

As to Capt. Hooper and the other old friends of Pedder aboard of the clipper, they crowded around him with every demonstration of friendship and good feeling.

"I am glad to see you so happy to be here," said Hooper, as soon as the conventional greetings of the occasion were over. "How does it happen that you have so recked Desolation nearly as soon as ourselves?"

"Why, there's no mystery at all in the affair," rejoined Pedder, as he looked down into the eyes of his sister and stroked her hair with a soothing relief and pleasure. "A few words will explain everything. You had scarcely left your wharf in New York when I received a letter from Hawley, who was my sister that I could neither eat nor sleep until he myself that I had been a fool and a fiend to be her start upon any voyage in such a condition of mind. Within forty-eight hours after you sailed, my dear Hooper, I was in a state of anxiety bordering upon insanity. I figured to myself a thousand casualties and mishaps to which my sister's voyage was exposing her, and at length I reached such a point of self-reproach and apprehension that I could stand it no longer, and so—"

"I see, my dear Pedder, you resolved to follow us, and as there was no clipper or other ship about to voyage in that direction, you chartered the fastest yacht you could find, and instantly set sail in our wake."

"Well, that's about the way it happened," smiled Pedder, "only instead of chartering the *Enchantress*, I was obliged to buy her, and to pay cash down for her, too."

"Ah, that is the *Enchantress*, eh? I saw her as she came to anchor so admiringly over the hull and rigging of the yacht. I don't wonder that you have such a capital voyage in her, favored as you have been with such fine weather. She always had a clean pair of heels. And so you have bought her of and, out to fly to your sister's rescue? Curse me, Pedder, I had my idea of your being soon on hand or forthcome."

"Maybe you didn't know him, Captain Hooper?" Mrs. Pedder hastened to say, as she again smiled her beautiful and wonderful new smile truth there was in the statement he had given of his presence. "He has always shown a most affectionate regard for me, and has come here to look for Hawley, when he supposed that he was meeting with trouble. So much of an insane woman, is a striking proof of his regard for me."

And so it is—now that you mention the matter," responded Hooper, "I see that it is all plain and he happy. I'm sure you have discovered her senses, by you see, my dear Pedder, and as you should have done so earlier. She had quite an adventure ashore—an adventure of which I have not learned the full particulars—but of which she can give you the details herself, for I suppose you will wish to take charge of her at once."

"Yes, sir, to us, Mr. and Mrs. Gawler," spoke up the masculine member of this family. It as this moment, as he himself himself and dragged his wife immediately under and into the range of fire.

"Ah—yes—and Mrs. Gawler," said Pedder, with a dubious tone and manner, as he nodded to each of them. "I am glad to see you again; and particularly pleased to find that you have been faithful to the confidence I placed in you. Go and get my sister's trunk, lawyer, and take her to my cabin."

"We are to go in the yacht then?"

"Yes, you are going in the yacht. I dare say that Captain Hooper has had quite enough of you."

"No, I haven't," said Hooper, as he took Pedder's arm in his, and drew him away toward the cabin. "I want you to drink a glass of wine with me, in memory of this happy occasion."

"I shall do so with pleasure."

The two men entered the cabin together.

"The fact is," resumed Hooper, after giving his steward his orders, "everything has turned out splendidly. Your sister has not only recovered her senses, as you have seen for yourself, but it turns out that Hawley is really alive—"

"Is it possible? I was about to inquire of you as to all that business. Alive, you say? How has it all happened?"

"Why, instead of trumbling from the cliff, as you and Mr. Moody and I, the rest supposed, Hawley was knocked in the head by some old relative of the man that happened to be living here, and was carried off to a cave by him, and there he has been shut up, has related his adventure to us just as long as I will leave to her the whole task of telling you what they are. Shall you come to see Yorx immediately?"

"In all probability—especially if such is my sister's wishes. I am in need of fresh water, however, and will remain here long enough to fill my casks."

"Then good luck be with you until I see you again in New York," said Hooper. "I would clap anchor and visit with you until afternoon, only such a course would hardly meet the approbation of our owners."

"Don't think of it. *Business* is business. I should be glad to visit with you, of course, but I can wait for that pleasure until we return to New York. Such a line breeze as there now blowing is not to be thrown away upon me. I am in command of a yacht, you know, my dear sister, and hope to have the pleasure of reciprocating—although not in kind—all your favors to me."

"Enough on that head. You know that I'm not given to ceremony."

A few further expressions of good-will were exchanged, as the two commanders emptied their bottle, and then they returned to the deck, each intent upon going his own way—Captain Hooper to resume his voyage to Australia, and Captain Pedder to transfer his sister, with his sister and her attendants, to his own yacht.

This transfer was soon effected; adieus were uttered between the two commanders and their vessels, and the clipper stood on her way to the southward, while the yacht turned her prow into Christmas Harbor and came to anchor near the head of the bay.

And now, for God's sake, a question or two between ourselves," whispered Miss Pedder to her brother, as soon as the steamer of the yacht had gone ashore at the head of his cove

FIRST BANTAM INTRODUCING HIMSELF TO CAPTAIN FEDDER AND HIS SISTER.

to fill the water casks, thus leaving the couple to themselves. "Did you really feel no anxious about me? Was it on my account alone that you brought the yacht and followed us?"

"I was anxious about you, of course, but I had other reasons for becoming non-resident at the gravest importance."

"I said as much to myself while you were talking with Hooper. Something has gone wrong, my brother, with you."

"Why, exactly so, Ruth."

"Explain, Leslie. You kill me with anxiety."

"Well, to begin with, Mrs. Hawley knows everything."

"Knows everything! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that she knows all we know about Hawley—at least all I know about him—namely, that he is not dead; that he was abandoned here purposely, and that a plot concocted between you and me—"

"Concocted between you and me, Pedder, because a wife, as a supposed, has been discovered! She cannot know any of these facts. You are mistaken—impossible—upon—carried away by your fears—"

The brother interrupted her with a gesture of the most savage and bitter emphasis.

"I was I were mistaken, Ruth," said. "But the facts are as I have indicated. Do you remember her? Of course."

"Remember her? Of course."

"Then you remember that Pedder hole in the floor of Miss Dunk's room?"

"Then was matter in this question, even without the significance of Pedder's name, to move the soul of the hearer. She started violently.

"The register hole?" she muttered. "The register hole in the floor of the room that I had years since I thought anything about it. It was directly over the parlor. I noticed such a hole. Do you mean that Miss Dunk has been overhearing something, and has told Hawley what she has overheard?"

"That's just what I mean, Ruth," declared Pedder, with a groan. "Hawley, of course, must have overheard something, not long after my sister left him, and was moved by her curiosity, and she was thus incited to listen. Listening, she got the entire explanation of our whole secret. She has overheard the conversation between you and me, and your proposed marriage to Mrs. Fly place on the following day, and in short, the whole story in short, the whole story in short."

"And you think she has reported all these discoveries to her son?"

"Think! I know that she has turned over to Mrs. Hawley everything that has come to her knowledge. Mrs. Piper has so declared to me in the letter of Hawley."

"And that Mrs. Piper also been let into the secret?"

"Of course. All that you—one of those men would have known by accident. Mrs. Piper, therefore, is also in possession of the whole plot, and knows its every purpose and development. She proved that to me beyond all question by what she said the last time I saw her."

"You've been to see her, then?"

"Yes. I sent a letter to the house for Mrs. Hawley, and Mrs. Piper opened and read it. She came to the door herself, and told me that Mrs. Hawley was not at home, but would soon be."

"Absent! Where had she gone?"

"She had started a week before for the island of Desolation."

The announcement was developed with sufficient tact and calmness on the part of Pedder, but it seemed to fall like a blow to stone. It was a full minute before she could even utter a response, and then it was in a tone of surprise with which she looked upon her brother.

"Going here! Is she insane?" she gasped. "Coming to Desolation! What for?"

"Why, to rescue her husband, of course."

"And she started a week before you did?"

"Yes, a week or more before."

"Well, she hasn't arrived yet," declared Miss Pedder, with a sudden relief in her tone. "You have been here. But are you sure that she is coming here?"

"As sure as I am of drawing another breath. She has come here already, unless she is liable to arrive at any moment."

"Well, she hasn't been here yet. I'm certain of the fact. Her husband—"

"Her husband!" the brother. "I've been wasting ever since I came here to hear something of him. Where is he? Where is he?"

"Yes, I've seen him. He came off to the ship soon after she anchored, but not until I had gone ashore. Pedder told him of his wife's death, and he took it greatly to heart—so much so that he said little attention to me, and soon went back to his den on some little island around the north point."

"You won't be able to secure him?"

"There's not the least hope of it. In fact he disgusted me. I have no other feeling for him now than contempt—a hatred, unless it is a desire for revenge."

"Good. You begin to be sensible. You found Hawley quite disillusioned to notice you? He didn't even wish to be rescued?"

"No. He refused Hooper's offer to take him to Melbourne. It seems that there was a man on the island when you left him here—"

"Is that so? Well, I ought not to be surprised. I don't know as anything will ever again surprise me."

"Yes, there was a man here at the very moment that Hawley and myself were left on the island. He was a convict, a fugitive from justice, and all the time that we waited for some ship to find us he was expecting a friend to arrive from Australia with a sloop and all the necessary means and things to help he refused Hooper's offer. And who do you suppose has turned up now, and is now with Hawley? You could never guess who. His wife, Ruth, his wife! Hawley has married a very mean, in fact, whose letter you intercepted and destroyed."

The astonishment with which Pedder received this information showed clearly enough that it astonished him.

"Aymar!" he cried. "Did you see this man?"

"Yes, I did. He came off to the ship with Hawley, and seemed to feel quite at home over Mrs. Hawley's reported death as his wife."

"Then there is no mistake about his being Aymar?"

"None whatever. He has had a lot of strange adventures—I hardly know what. He only had a couple of words with me, and I have been chased by pirates."

"Is he here? I mean, after it he again lost his money? That is a point I must look into. Pedder was the man on this island in the overture sobre."

"He has encountered a terrible ruffian."

"As he is now?"

"As he is now—for, she indicated Bantam, who had taken up a position on the quarter-deck and was descending the nearest slope toward the boats, "is the man who has been with us ever since we left Desolation."

"Is that so? Well, I ought not to be surprised. I don't know as anything will ever again surprise me. Is he here now?"

"Yes, he is here now, and is to be left here with Hawley."

"Then curse them all," cried Bantam, with a savage bitterness. "I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea."

"Good! We shall work together, Bantam. You are sure that these three men have the feeling of hatred so recently in your possession?"

"Yes, sir—perfectly certain."

"Then the next thing in order is for us to go and take that money from Three."

"Yes, that is the proper course for us to take," declared Miss Pedder, with all the vigor of a revengeful fury. "Will you go with us, Bantam? Will you help us to get the money?"

"Will I? Oh, help me to trouble, revenge, and I'll help you to anything in the universe!" cried Pedder. "Nothing more remains to be said. The water is safely aboard, and here comes Tom for orders—Tom Brodie, you know, Ruth. Tom is now my first officer. He has a dozen men of his own with him. We'll all pay Hawley and his wife a visit immediately. Glorious! Let us act at once."

CHAPTER XL.

A FULL TIDE OF REVENGE.

No time was lost in getting the yacht under way, and a fine breeze was soon wafting her gently on its bosom.

"Look to your guns, Tom," cried Pedder, floating with his joyful satisfaction, as he paced to and fro on the deck. "We must be ready for anything, and, if it is wanted."

"The tools are all ready for use, sir," replied Tom pathetically, "and I'm glad for some that we're going to have a chance to use them."

The dark face of Fisty Bantam, who was standing near, lighted up with a savage smile like those in the eyes of a beast about to fight.

"I think we ought to make short job of it," he said. "Let us land, and then go in and—We ought to kill these three men."

"I am well understand the feeling, after what Hawley has caused you to suffer. If I have the right regarding that money—"

He hesitated.

"Well, and then, sir?"

"Why, I should be strongly tempted to act upon your suggestion, Bantam, and to kill these three men. But I wish to be sure of my ground. There's a reason for this cruelty, of course, and I want to know what it is. I want to work all the better together by knowing just what I am to do each has in the matter."

"One question: Do you think we shall get the money, Captain Pedder?"

"That depends," answered Bantam, with a look that seemed to pierce the soul of his questioner. "That depends—"

"Upon what, sir?"

"Upon how much that million, if I exerts myself."

"I speak in riddles."

"Not a bit of it. I merely reminds you that I have some skill in the matter of finding out that I was here years ago, in fact, and that I have always a secret concerning them that is known to no other human being. For instance, I know that there is a secret cavern on the island—a cave ridges that is right of the cave, and even where there are some very curious and secret places upon this same locality. Now, sir, I'm not blind, where Hawley and his friends are hidden that money."

There was no mistaking the significance with which these remarks were uttered. They at once enlarged the mental vision of Capt. Pedder, and filled all his being with delight to a focus of instant decision.

"Bantam," he exclaimed, "I said he, "there's more in you than I at first suppose. That is a most valuable suggestion. I can understand that you have been over the island, and have explored it thoroughly. I can understand that you have been in the habit of visiting the cave of which you speak, and that you have become familiar with its every nook and corner. You know, of course, that Hawley has not been to the cave of late, and that he is not likely to go there. You are sure that the money is there?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure."

"And you are willing to use this knowledge for our mutual benefit?"

"Upon certain conditions—of course."

"Name your conditions, and I will agree to them, if they are reasonable. I've intended, Bantam, ever since I began to see what sort of a man you are—I've intended, as I said, to deal with you as a brother. Lieutenant Brodie, Captain Pedder, Miss Pedder, lady below is really my sister. As young as I am, I have sailed repeatedly in that fine clipper you have just seen in port as her commander. Captain Hooper is a friend of mine. He is this: My sister has long been in love with Hawley, and has married him against my will, and to my purpose. I, on the other hand, have long been in love with the lady who is Mrs. Hawley. This lady is likely to arrive here—here, at Desolation—at any moment, and I think it would not be difficult, in case of her coming, for you and me to hit upon some plan of seizing her and carrying her off to the snug hiding-place to which we shall take the money."

The gleam in Bantam's eyes deepened. His whole countenance expanded.

"I see now exactly where you are, Cap'n Pedder," he said, "and can advise you understandingly. Your proper course is to seize the money, to hit the three men, to seize Mrs. Hawley, and to sail away with your prizes to a place of safety that I will show you."

Pedder smiled like a fiend at the prospect, and he hastily replied:

"You are right. The advice is perfectly sound, and I will act upon it. Here you will work for my interest, Bantam, as for your own—upon proper conditions, as you suggested."

"Yes, sir. And my only remaining condition is that I shall have all the money that we find on Sentry-box island. If you are faithful, I would say that that island no longer belongs to me, seeing that the secret of its whereabouts is mine. But you are too formidable not to help me recover it, and a ship to carry it away in. On this account, we will divide equally. You will, of course, share with your sister and Lieutenant Brodie as well with the forty or fifty men I shall soon recruit from the yacht."

"This is all perfectly fair and sensible," said Pedder. "I accept your propositions in the same good faith with which you have offered them."

"Just shake hands upon it."

Pedder promptly complied.

"A bind or two more, if you please," resumed Bantam. "I can see that you have had extraordinary Cap'n Pedder, that you have moved in a good circle of society, and that you are a man of refinement and consequence. I can even understand that you don't feel very social at me, Fisty Bantam, a waif of society, an assassin, a leader of outlaws. But you should comprehend that from the hour when you lay hands upon those men and this money, you are no better than I. This will be particularly true if you seize Mrs. Hawley. You become in one fell swoop all that I have become in twenty years of war against society—an outlaw, a hunted fugitive, a man whose head is worth a price, and whose hand and name about hands of his own complexion to fight for him."

Pedder and his lips tighter together, and a resolve of utter ferocity flamed from his eyes.

"So it is," he said, between his teeth. "I accept the situation. A few months since, I would have shrunk from signing this paper with the bloodied fashion, Bantam, but it's all plain sailing now. I'm ready to sign it in my blood. The temptations drawing me on are too many to be resisted—that money and that woman! To irresistible ever that I would not sell my soul to Satan?"

"Now you talk like a man of sense. We shall work together like one man!"

Miss Pedder here emerged from the cabin, in an elaborate toilet, with jewels in her ears and upon her fingers, and with delicate lace floating around her.

"Ah, Leslie, you have settled the matter upon which you were so deeply concerned," she said cordially, "to the deepest feeling. I've overheard all you have both said, and there's a single point of your conclusions that I would alter."

The two men looked at her with a feeling between wonder and admiration.

"What point of your conclusions in regard to Hawley?" asked Pedder.

"I would not have you to change that," replied Miss Pedder, "but I would suggest that into a look of revengeful disdain. "My whole soul is absorbed in revenge, and I feel that death made no change in his relations to me. He is my husband, and I am his wife. I have been true to that fact through all the years where I have been compelled to remain separated from him, and I am resolved that he shall be killed in the fight before us, I should never accept it."

Pedder drew a long breath of relief.

"Then I am glad that you feel as you do," he said.

As things are turning, I shall be pretty certain to have to kill him myself. But I like the final absence of her husband from this time forward. Now, Bantam, to work."

"Yes, and I very much doubt whether the man," suggested Miss Pedder thoughtfully.

"And possibly we may need his proposes," said Bantam. "If I should be unable to find the buried treasure, for instance, it may be well to keep these men prisoners until we have found it. Then we can get them absents from them. We shall, of course, be well provided with weapons, and I think we be well, Cap'n Pedder, to give your men a hint that they may have to fight, and that they must be ready."

"Yes, it will. I'll speak to them at once."

The officer and crew of the yacht were the twelve or fifteen ruffians composing the crew of the pirate craft destroyed by Bantam, and so many human blood-hounds.

"Now, Tom," said Pedder, said Bantam to Miss Pedder, as he marked their murderous look, "you will be left in charge of the yacht with your men. Miss Pedder, there's no telling what you may have to encounter, and I shall leave you well armed and provided."

Miss Pedder designed to smile at the coadjutor, but the effort was a failure, and the wretched outlaw could be made useful. In the meantime, the yacht was under way, and, favored by a fine breeze, was rapidly approaching Desolation.

"Now, Bantam," said Pedder

Fedder," and we shall be glad to have your assistance. You doubtless know where the money is buried, and will be glad to help your brother——"

"Excuse me, sir," said Jude. "Bantam has no money here. All the money on this island belongs to Mr. Aymar, who is here with Mr. Hawley, and who——"

"Enough of that, Jude," interrupted Tom. "We know just what the facts in the case are. Bantam has no money here, that's certain. We are here for Mr. Bantam's benefit, and must have it. You are not going back on your employer, are you?—concave and daily bread?"

"Yes, if that brother is a companion of sea-pirates and robbers," replied Jude resolutely. "I warn you——"

"Enough," again interrupted Tom. "I can't let my brother-in-law stand in the way of business, easier him, here, and hand him off."

Jude was instantly seized and bound, despite his struggles and protests.

"Destroy those three boats," commanded Fedder, as soon as Jude was powerless.

His men instantly set about the task.

"And part of you go up and escort Hawley and Aymar," added Fedder. "They'll be coming to meet us. Seize them at once!"

We need not linger upon the desperate struggle made by both Hawley and Aymar. It could not have failed to be seen that Mr. Aymar was as weak as a child with his long voyage and Will was in no condition to use himself rather. As a matter of course, therefore, they were soon overpowered and bound, and their other two boats, and all their stores had been put into the sea.

"I've been to see, brother Jude, that we want Mr. Bantam's money," sneered Tom. "Where is it hidden."

Jude took no notice of the question.

It was not until he had a regular prisoner that Will noticed Fedder among his assailants.

"What does all this mean, Captain Fedder?" he now asked.

"Oh, I haven't a quarrel—that's all," returned Fedder. "My sister thinks you have not treated her well, and I've promised her quarter."

But do you really mean to turn pirate? Have you fallen so low? I knew there had been unkindness in your family, but——"

"It's little matter what you thought," interrupted Fedder, in a surly manner. "What is that money. Where is it?"

Will asserted his ignorance once more.

"They needn't answer, if they don't wish to," said Bantam. "I can do without 'em. Two of you stay here and watch them—you, Tom, and my one other man. The rest of you follow me."

He led the way up to the top of the island, and searched its secret recesses thoroughly. He dug in every spot where the ground looked as if it had been disturbed, and sounded every rock and stump. Descending lower and lower, he finally plunged into the bowels of a certain gorge, and at the bottom of a ledge of rocks—just such a hiding-place as he himself had chosen on the adjacent shores—and here he suddenly stumbled upon the vast treasures he was in search of.

Not only was all the loose gold here, but as much of the jewelry as could be packed in a box of ironwood, and was covered with so much moisture as to have still later in new canvas bags.

The veils of Bantam's countenance, which this last fact was realized awoke all the evilness of his mind.

"It's Mr. Aymar's new fortune," murmured Fedder breathlessly. "He shan't have it from Bantam. It seems—as I thought he might. With such a chance of success I'll be lucky to get——"

"And now to carry it to the yacht, boys," said Bantam. "The whole pile is ours."

The transfer was made in the course of half an hour, and then Bantam and Fedder came back to their prisoners.

"I've been having a talk 'with my brother," reported Tom, "and he utterly declines to have anything to do with me. He says Hawley has saved his life, and he puts in a plea for Hawley's and for Aymar's. He says my fellow Jude to be killed, why, perhaps we'd better turn them all adrift, and leave them to take their chances. They have only a small boat apiece, and will probably have the best chance of their making their escape, on the beach we all touched in Hostess."

"My mind has just made to me these very suggestions, in substance," said Fedder, "and I'm inclined to heed them. What do you say, Bantam?"

"Yep, I'd sooner Hawley'd starve to death by inches than die at once. Turn them loose if you choose, and we'll go about our own affairs."

This course was instantly taken, and in a few minutes the interchange of farewells with both of Mr. Aymar's vast fortunes scowled upon the deck of the yacht, and the boat was back to the head of Chesterfield Island, where in due time she came to anchor.

The voyage hasn't proved out so badly, after all," said Fedder to his sister, as soon as the anchor was down. "We've not only wronged upon Hawley, and have plenty of money to soothe my stings of wounded vanity or affection that may yet linger in your breast."

"Sail ho!" suddenly cried a look-out who had been on duty all the morning.

The glances of Fedder and his sister flew in the direction indicated.

A large ship was in the act of entering the Francois, and heading into the harbor.

A single glance at the vessel caused Fedder to turn livid with joy.

"It's the *Ocean Monarch*," he panted. "The *Ocean Monarch*!" echoed his sister.

Yes, the Ocean Monarch it the ship in which Mrs. Hawley took passage for this island. Will it hold it she does? Is it not possible she comes! she comes! Ha, ha! it's all to be mine, it seems—both fortune and beauty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SINCERELY AND TRULY YOURS."

Mrs. H——— held many social adventures, or with an experience, which aptly illustrates upon what slight and baseless foundations romances reports may grow into being. Mrs. H——, the young and accomplished wife of an American gentleman spending a season at Florence, proposed to give a ball in honor of a select friends, and among others she sent a card to a young lady, Miss Ada Bruce, whom she had met at the house of a mutual friend, and who was a leader in fashionable circles. The Count received the note while at lunch. During the afternoon he met an American friend to whom he expressed great surprise that he had unwittingly, and entirely in innocence on his part, made a conquest of the heart of the beautiful Mrs. H———.

Impossible!" said the friend. "Mrs. H——— is one of the most reserved and proper women of my country. There must be some mistake."

No mistake, I assure you," asserted the Count. "I have in her own hand, here in her note. Read for yourself."

The American, who was a New York artist, took the missive, and run it over.

"This is certainly Mrs. H———'s hand," he said; "but I see nothing here out of the way."

"How?" exclaimed the Count, in surprise. "See you not this?" pointing to the closing phrase. "Sincerely and truly yours.' Is not that proper?"

"Why does she write that to me if her heart is not inclined?" asked the Count.

The American laughed, and then explained to the Count that such was the common form of closing" address in American letter-writing. If he would take the trouble to look up the other score of invitations the lady had sent out he would find them all couched in the same language.

The Italian, not used to the frank, gushing style of American friendship, accepted the explanation with many thanks, and went his way to his rooms relieved. But he could not have had reason to be thankful that to a true friend of hers had the Count first communicated the secret of his supposed conquest. C.

TOO A SHREWD BY HALF

BY O. S. ADAMS.

Mr. Dio Basbford cherished high ideas of man, as opposed to woman, and had exalted notions of his husband's dominion over his own household. He was a man of strong individuality, with a haughty bearing. He had a long head, and a long head jigg—of something the brothers with his eagle eye—of suiting the size—of looking over the heads of common people—of towering above the vulgar herd.

Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade ball, but Mrs. Bashford, in her usual way, had her reasons for so doing, which were good and sufficient, and which, as she was a woman, he might have made known, his wisdom in a little less imperious manner than he chose to adopt. However, she said nothing about it, though her eyes flashed a little as her lord and master proclaimed his edict.

The ball was set down for the evening of the twenty-eighth. On the morning of that day Mr. Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon was in discussion to visit a section of the city that lost by the great conflagration.

He walked on the opposite side of the street, and did not cross over, as he was in some haste, but his attention was suddenly attracted to a young woman with a large bundle ascending the front steps of a house on the other side of the door-bell. He wondered some what at this, as he was an observing man, but his wife was discharging anything new in the line of dresses lately. His curiosity increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman disappeared promptly, as if by an understanding, and the door instantly closed behind her.

Here was a mystery. Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused, and on the spot he determined to solve the mysterious thing. Should he linger and solve the mystery, or dismiss it from his mind as none of his own business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment, and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own household, and walked back to the house and rang

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

AUTUMN AND THE CEMETERY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O, lovely lakes and glorious trees,
Now shadowed by the Autumn time,
To-day no are more beautiful
Than in a west Hesperian prime:
Yon cloud in Heaven's pure azure circled,
Yon mountain with its golden crest,
This ravine that pants a tempered chime
Make fitter accord with the scene
Than Summer's proud, imperial sheen.

Too sundry for us her robes
Flying and flying for dazzled trees;
Too haughtily her jewelled hand
Waves us away from her side to-day;
And ever yon Ocean's wave is bare
Too fiercely bright for deep thoughts alone;
But now the lakes, the woods, the seas,
Are with a mellow radiance spread
That fits the lovely and the dead.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XV.
THE PURSUIT.

Luke Gardner, sitting upon a cannon-carriage, with his face to the bows, rowed with a quiling stroke, steering at the same time; and very few were the gazes which he could not make without interrupting the steady stroke of the doctor. Kate had offered to take an oar, but Tom would not permit it, and Luke said there was no need. As Tom occupied the after-thwart, and Kate sat in the waiting Kidnal, it very soon fell to her, and, as was natural, as soon as they had fairly entered the pass, he asked her concerning her late treatment at the stone house. She told him the story just as it had happened, even to the promise she had given to save him from imprisonment, if he would row her off.

"Ah, my dear lady," he said, "I knew that he meant what he said. At that juncture I knew why he had brought me, without a word to me."

Tom asked pardon, and promised better behavior for the future; and for a time thereafter he rowed in silence. At length he asked—

"Kate, suppose we had not been able to make our escape to-night—suppose we had been had found you in Dixon's power—what would you have done?"

"In what respect?" repeated Tom, surprised at the question. "Why, in respect to becoming the pirate's wife, of course. Had you not promised that you would die or kill me?"

"Yes, Tom, I had promised; but I had given that promise under the impression that you might not be called upon to reasonable for a pledge so given."

"Nay, nay, Kate! are you losing your senses?"

"Not that I am aware of, Tom. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you treat this grave matter—a matter of more than life or death—as though it were child's play."

"Pardon me, dear Tom. I have myself wondered if my mind were not becoming unseated by the severe strain that has been put upon it, till—a greater strain than you can imagine."

"No, no, darling; I can imagine it very well. But, Kate, I thought that you had determined to meet the lightning—"

Hallo! Steady, there," came from the pilot. Tom had missed his stroke some.

"Dear Tom," said Kate, in a soothing, winning way, "if he may be mad in like the conglomeration of nerve and muscle in a human body which I have heard you tell, which, under slight disturbance, will feel exceedingly ill at ease, and which, under more, will and be confused as to what is best to do at all. I am sometimes inclined to think that the fatalistic belief is the most rational."

"Do not say that, Kate."

"Is it not, Tom, that leads most surely to resignation?"

"To a resignation as the same as murder my feel," replied Tom, gravely; "but not to that of a spirit loyal to itself and to God. Kate, Kate, you would not have calmly resigned yourself to—"

"Stop!" cried Luke.

"Tom," said Kate, as soon as the boat was again under "you misunderstand me. The voice was deeper and more earnest than Kate had ever heard before to have heard.

"Before I would have suffered harm at the hands of that villain, I would have taken him do to you. I would have killed him with my own fiendly bright for deep thoughts alone; But now the lakes, the woods, the seas, Are with a mellow radiance spread That fits the lovely and the dead.

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"No, no, darling; I can imagine it very well. But, Kate, I thought that you had determined to meet the lightning—"

Hallo! Steady, there," came from the pilot. Tom had missed his stroke some.

"Dear Tom," said Kate, in a soothing, winning way, "if he may be mad in like the conglomeration of nerve and muscle in a human body which I have heard you tell, which, under slight disturbance, will feel exceedingly ill at ease, and which, under more, will and be confused as to what is best to do at all. I am sometimes inclined to think that the fatalistic belief is the most rational."

"Do not say that, Kate."

"Is it not, Tom, that leads most surely to resignation?"

"To a resignation as the same as murder my feel," replied Tom, gravely; "but not to that of a spirit loyal to itself and to God. Kate, Kate, you would not have calmly resigned yourself to—"

"Stop!" cried Luke.

"Tom," said Kate, as soon as the boat was again under "you misunderstand me. The voice was deeper and more earnest than Kate had ever heard before to have heard.

"Before I would have suffered harm at the hands of that villain, I would have taken him do to you. I would have killed him with my own fiendly bright for deep thoughts alone; But now the lakes, the woods, the seas, Are with a mellow radiance spread That fits the lovely and the dead.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XV.
THE PURSUIT.

Luke Gardner, sitting upon a cannon-carriage, with his face to the bows, rowed with a quiling stroke, steering at the same time; and very few were the gazes which he could not make without interrupting the steady stroke of the doctor. Kate had offered to take an oar, but Tom would not permit it, and Luke said there was no need. As Tom occupied the after-thwart, and Kate sat in the waiting Kidnal, it very soon fell to her, and, as was natural, as soon as they had fairly entered the pass, he asked her concerning her late treatment at the stone house. She told him the story just as it had happened, even to the promise she had given to save him from imprisonment, if he would row her off.

"Ah, my dear lady," he said, "I knew that he meant what he said. At that juncture I knew why he had brought me, without a word to me."

Tom asked pardon, and promised better behavior for the future; and for a time thereafter he rowed in silence. At length he asked—

"Kate, suppose we had not been able to make our escape to-night—suppose we had been had found you in Dixon's power—what would you have done?"

"In what respect?" repeated Tom, surprised at the question. "Why, in respect to becoming the pirate's wife, of course. Had you not promised that you would die or kill me?"

"Yes, Tom, I had promised; but I had given that promise under the impression that you might not be called upon to reasonable for a pledge so given."

"Nay, nay, Kate! are you losing your senses?"

"Not that I am aware of, Tom. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you treat this grave matter—a matter of more than life or death—as though it were child's play."

"Pardon me, dear Tom. I have myself wondered if my mind were not becoming unseated by the severe strain that has been put upon it, till—a greater strain than you can imagine."

"No, no, darling; I can imagine it very well. But, Kate, I thought that you had determined to meet the lightning—"

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"Tom," said Kate, as soon as the boat was again under "you misunderstand me. The voice was deeper and more earnest than Kate had ever heard before to have heard.

"Before I would have suffered harm at the hands of that villain, I would have taken him do to you. I would have killed him with my own fiendly bright for deep thoughts alone;

And now I bid you a good-morning, and commend you to the kind consideration of those who may give you noone. Hagar has brought you a change of clothing, and you will find them dim. I myself shall sleep if I can; but with this I bid you all a good-morning," and fastened the door behind him.

Kate, when left alone, sat and passed a long time in the drawing-room. She took a few hours' sleep, and then, with the aid of Hagar, made a long toilet. It was now her object to find how near the day was at hand. Then she emptied her chest from the silver dress, and then she carefully picked the edges of the lace. When she removed the weapons to the dining-place, and then threw herself upon the bed without undressing, and in a very short space of time she was asleep.

It was very near noon when Dixon awoke from his heavy slumber, and even then he seemed dull and stupid.

They went down into the steward's room, where Hagar had spread a late breakfast for him, but they had not finished their meal when a messenger came from the fort, where he met the men who had been left behind, but they had not found the Lake Breeze, nor had they seen her.

Dixon was terribly chagrined at this report, and declared that the men must have taken the boat and fled. He then ordered the men to be sent on board the ship, and to be sent to the fort, and to be sent to the fort, and to be sent to the fort

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE OLD HORSE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY CARLO DUNN.

A poor and an old worn horse am I,
Scant hair and ribs that stick out high;
Yet I think you'll not find 'mouth the sky
A body who feels more infirmity
For the comfort and fare of humanity.

Many a day when the snow has spread
Its white mantle o'er the earth, I've bled,
Though I felt more like a post upon which
And, in my way, these words I've said:
"I will to my fate, for to rail I was born."

Patiently ever I pull my way
Through thick and ill be—by night or day;
Yet often I think that, could I but
Have a voice to speak, I'd tell you my pay
Never equals to see our or feed.

Often my driver—who cannot in me
Why he should always be kind to me—
Whips my poor back most unreasonably,
And curses me, but little thinks he
Of the pangs I suffer so pathetically.

And he, my lord, too, whose mighty powers call
With voices of power and its thirst for gain
Pounds in his blindness deep and hold,
That the horse who has served him some rights
Should be left

Albeit he be lame and old.

Hundreds of times in my stable I've stood
In a ragged and lonely state,
Thinking of brighter days when there would
Come to me a three-cornered sheaf,
A long, long rest, and reward that is good.

Yet, alas, remained I to me
With my lot, and my work, and my destiny;
And I thought through a heart—a stern, and
Whereby may me me cruelly,
In the sight of Heaven I am better than he.

ONLY A ROSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Millicent, Millicent, when is supper?"

"Soon, dear mamma, child."

"Perhaps I'd better pour for some then," said Mrs. Millicent Blair.

"Really I think you had," said Millicent, in a soft tone.

There sat, starting into the little fire on which their last sliver of wood was burning, and seeing in the red ashes nothing which the light wood dropped so quickly pictures of the future, Millicent, never been rich people, but always comfortable.

Her father was a sea-faring man—first mate of an ocean vessel—and her mother was a housewife, who made everything bright and cozy.

How he used to sit telling his adventures in the evening, when he came home! He could not have been a sailor so long, had he been seasprents and mermaids in them, but there was his wonderful for these lonely folk at home to credit; and indeed he probably believed himself.

The rooms had been pretty with shells and coral branches, and bright parrots in swinging cages, and pictures of ships upon the wall.

Millicent had been born in one of these places in which the two girls were raised. But that was not all; the love was gone, the tender care which parents have for their children.

The mother lay in her green grave in a far-off cemetery and she can painted the place of a sequestered sailor's grave?

Millicent's father, now he sailed away that last time, had never laid hood after his mother and herself; how they waited for news, and waited, in rain, and hail, and then came to them a sailor, saved from the wreck of the "Lizzie Reed," who told how she went down in mid-sea at the dead of night, alone with her father, who, in the midst of the terrible, the first mate, was among the missing.

After that, poverty and sorrow; departure from the dear old home; toil in a strange city; sickness, friendlessness, and, crowning woe of all, the mother's death.

Millicent had been but a child for her little sister's sake, but now she was a very skillful needle-woman, and could earn very much as some others; and now had grown old together, and she, pretty and sweet and good, and helpful in a daughterly way about the house, was not quite sure that she could win bread in any way—had not found herself needed.

She was only seventeen, and a frail little creature, with very little strength in her small body, and now that matters were so bad, she was more than ever almost disappaired.

"I suppose it isn't quite supper-time yet?" said little Jane again. She had been on her knees before the fire, and had turned her wonder whether he knows how hungry I am now."

"What shall I do?" said Millicent to herself, as she looked about the room. "I have not anything—the clock, the looking-glass, even mother's work-box and the parrot. There is nothing left to pawn, and I starve before morning. What shall I do?"

She arose and went to the window, and looked down into the street. It was wintry and narrow, and swarmed with filthy children. Opposite was a little drinking shop, about which a blind man with a fiddle drew a profitless music. Nothing great, or fresh, or pure met her eye there, but between that dreadful street and a golden house blew a breath of sweet, and there was wafted to Millicent's face a delicious perfume of roses.

On the sill without stood a tall glass of a broken tea-pot. She had picked up the slip among the rubbish cast out by a neighboring gardener, and it had grown well in its bank. God of mercy. To-day it had brought a perfect rose, exquisite in shape, perfume and color, and Millicent looked upon it with a half-bowed gave promise of another flower as lovely.

Cold that moment Millicent, in her anxiety, had forgotten her one treasure. But for a little while before the fall of darkness in the night had not observed where it stood, for she had been so busy.

Now a thought flitted across her mind. She had often seen children selling flowers in the street, and ladies and gentlemen seemed glad to buy them. She would take this one rose, and perhaps get for it enough to buy a supper with that would last a long while. She would do it—she would. God would give her strength.

She tied on her bood and wrapped her shawl about her, and plucking the flower and a leaf or two, and that bright bud that seemed to promise so much, she left the room, ran down the stairs, and went down stairs and out from the dingy cross-street into broad Broadway.

There every one save herself seemed gay and happy, and well dressed. She could not be a thing apart, a black blot in all this brightness.

"Buy me, lady! buy a rose! Please buy a rose!"

But the woman hurried by as the rest still.

It would not do to stand still. She walked on slowly. Whenever she caught a pleasant eye she held out her tiny treasure, and pleaded in a broken voice, "Buy a rose! buy a rose!" but this sin was setting, and she was opposite the City Hall Park, and still no one had bought her flower.

She was growing desperate. Some one should buy it. Jane should have bread that night.

"Buy a rose! buy a rose! Look at it! See how pretty it is!" she cried, in a voice sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look! You don't look at it, or you'll buy it."

"These street beggars should be suppressed," said the stout man she had addressed. "Young woman, I'll give you a shilling if you don't bother yourself."

"I don't want it, he don't know," said Millicent to herself. Nobody could groan that no one would even buy a beautiful flower like that of hers.

There were steps she looked them not. There were voices; it mattered not to her. Suddenly some one said:

"What a beautiful rose!"

And the words caught her ear. She looked up. Three or four well-to-do men, with business faces, were standing near her, coming from the ocean evidently, talking with each man and wind, and with the ship's roll still in their gait.

Sailors were always generous. One of these would buy the flower.

She held it out.

"Please buy it," she whispered faintly. "Please buy it now."

"I'm glad to get it," said a stout elderly man, slipping for want, "What is the price, my lass? What shall she?"

He leaned down so that her foreign looking silver pieces into her lap, and took the flower. Then looking at her very kindly, he spoke again.

"What's the trouble, lass? Don't be afraid to tell me. I had a little girl of my own once. She's dead now. Tell me—can I help you?"

Millicent looked up. The man's face was half hidden by his hat, but he was somewhat and graver than her father had been, but she felt that he was kind.

"You have helped me, sir," she said, "buying the rose. Thank you very much. My father was a sailor, and he was drown in a wreck."

"A sailor's fate," said the man. "It's time you were getting home, lass. This city is no place for you to be out in after dark at night. But just tell me a sailor's name has a claim on a sailor, and my poor little Millicent would have been about your age had she lived."

"Millicent!" screamed the girl. "Oh, my name is Millicent. I'm frightened, I don't know what to do. I'm all alone. I'm all alone. I'm Millicent Blair. My father was drown in a wreck. Oh, sir, you are not my father, are you?"

But the next instant he had her in his arms, and she knew that this was her father, come to her.

He worked with the vessel, but not but he had been cast upon a desert island, where he had remained for years, and where he had made his little home among the cocoa-nuts.

The widow had left her little cottage to her near living in the city, and he came to her death had been brought back to her old home by some one who had been his friend when she died, and who had either heard or remembered that the little girl was left alone.

And so the rose bush had done more for Millicent than she could have dreamed when to this day it is the most cherished treasure in the little garden where her father delights with his two daughters; and when, in the long winter evenings, they sit by their fragrance, they crowd about to hear about the shrine of some sainted thing, and forget.

But for this we should still be parted."

THE BLACK BAM.

The following was related to us by an eyewitness:

Years ago Mr. Dr. Burton, a well-known Scottish clergyman of Cornish. He was a liberal-minded man, who thought that the best way of doing his whole duty, and among his ideas of needed reform the subject of antiquity was a most prominent place. On a certain Sabbath day he had announced his intention of preaching a sermon on the subject, and many of his parishioners were greatly exasperated. The abolitionists of their pastor's views, and considered their indignation, but this, in their opinion, capped the climax.

The Sunday following the advent of the colored speaker was mild and pleasant, and the congregation was quite large. Mr. Burton had announced his text, and was just warming up and upon according to the pulpit he found a huge black ram, with legs securely bound, laid upon the platform under the desk. He knew of the wrath of certain of his people, and he comprehended the situation in a moment. Without a word he descended to the broad aisle, and took a seat in the pew of one of his deacons. By and by the congregation had gathered, and the organist played a voluntary. Friends not knowing what was the matter gazed upon their pastor with amazement. Way sat he there? But presently, when the throne of any occasion, the sermon was handed, Mr. Burroughs arose to his feet.

"My friends," he said, with calm dignity, "I am sorry to see that you are not in your pastor's opinion, as in sense of duty since observing the duty of the pulpit in matters of religion and I am not to be interfered with in a few—as you have regarded certain acts of mine with feelings of hatred and animosity. I was not aware, however, until this time, that they had proceeded so far as to place me in the pulpit by a representative of the Lord's own bounty and institutes. I beg my pulpit to accept the choice of my opponents, and I will not disturb them in their devotions at the shrine of the idol which they have thus set up. You and I, my true friends, will adjourn to the village green, where I will preach to you and the worshippers of the Beast may have the pulpit and the temple to themselves."

The congregation were too long assembled beneath the shade of the great elms upon the green, whither the clergyman led the way, but not, however, until they had all carried away by whom the pulpit had been occupied.

It is needless to add that no worshippers were left in the church, though we may add, that thereforth those opposed to Mr. Burroughs' anti-slavery sentiments gave him a wide berth, and he proved himself master of the situation.

SCIENCE.

Zöllner's theory of comets was severely though indirectly criticised by Sir William Thomson, in his address before the British Association, as the theory appears incredible. He considers his theory of a discussion which took place at a meeting of workmen at Mitwich. One of them brought forward a plan that, drew an iron wire from Mitwich to Manchester, a distance of about thirty miles, and by this means a message could be sent in a minute. A discussion arose as to its cause, and many arguments were proposed; but the conclusion finally adopted was that it was impossible, because there was no air between the two places to form a medium for transmission.

The theft of the large object-glass of the Allegheny Observatory, Pittsburgh, Pa., in July last, is the subject of a letter from Professor Langley, director of the observatory, in which he says that the glass was taken out of the dome by means of extraordinary reward for its return. The glass is thirteen inches in aperture, and is of great value to astronomers, but is worthless to the thieves. The director has declared that he will not pay any reward for the instrument. Nothing else of value has been taken, so he does so it will encourage a similar spoliation in other observatories.

The animals of the ancient world were, for the most part, of gigantic size, and the present age is remarkable for its dwarfs, with a few remarkable exceptions. An immense accumulation of fossil bones has been found in the course of excavations near Antwerp, in Belgium, so extensive that the workmen have built their houses and barns of them, and have made a fine agricultural ground of whales. These primitive whales were of the same species as those now found in the Arctic seas, and were probably driven southward by the cold. The object of the fossil elephant found in the island of Malta.

Mr. H. S. Says: "I am a young man, twenty-one years of age. I have a young lady who is also twenty-one years of age. I love her very much, and she loves me. We are engaged, and will be married before long. Now, I have a friend who is a young man of my own age, and who is a particular friend of my intended wife. He is a man of good moral character, and is highly respected by all who know him. He is also a man of wealth, and my relatives are opposed to my marrying her, they say that he is not a fit husband for her, and that I am not. The reason why I am opposed to my marriage is because I am not